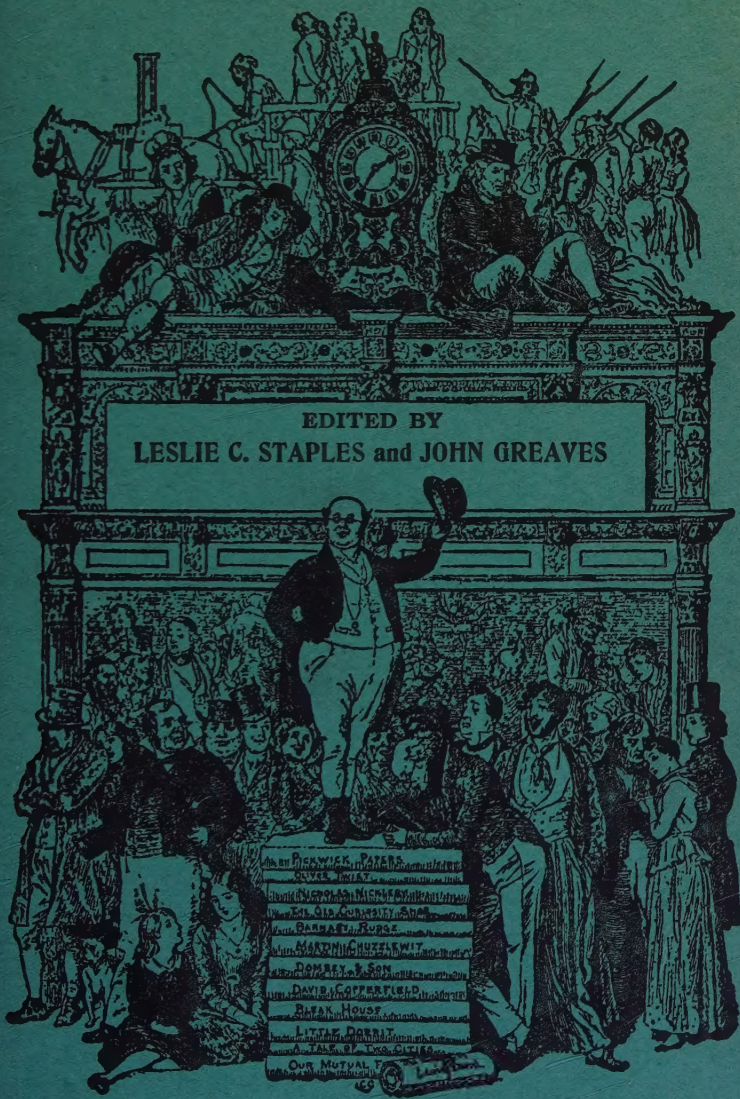
OL. LVII,
RT III

AUTUMN NUMBER
Published September, 1961

No. 335

THE DICKENSIAN



PUBLISHED BY THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Published January, May and September.

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A Review of English Literature

VOL. II, No. 3

Dickens Number

GUEST EDITOR: PROFESSOR JOHN BUTT

With unpublished material and illustrations

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Charles Dickens the Younger
at the age of 15

by George Richmond

THE DICKENSIAN

WINTER NUMBER

VOL. LVII. SEPTEMBER 1961 No. 335

WHEN FOUND—

New President The new President of the Dickens Fellowship is to be Sir Evelyn Wrench, K.C.M.G., Hon. LL.D., founder of the Overseas League and the English Speaking Union, Editor of *The Spectator*, 1925-32, and America Relations Officer to the Government of India, 1942-44. His great interest is British-American co-operation. The Presidential Meeting will be on Saturday, October 7th, following the Council Meeting, at Overseas House, Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

* * * * *

Bleak House Vindicated It is perhaps ironical that "Bleak House," Broadstairs, which is not the Bleak House of the story, in which a great Law Case was featured, should itself become the subject of a case in the Law Courts. Doubt having been thrown on the authenticity of this house as the one in which Dickens lived and wrote, and this doubt being repeated by two local newspapers, the result was an action for libel. That this was the original house on the cliff, beloved by Dickens has never, as far as we are concerned, been in doubt. We are pleased to report therefore that the newspapers and all concerned have admitted this to be a fact and tendered restitution to the owner for the implication that he was admitting the public to the house, under false pretences. The house is fortunate in its present owner, Mr. Charles Eade, who, having refurnished the Dickens rooms in suitable period style, has collected a most interesting exhibition, which is being enjoyed by many thousands of visitors annually.

* * * * *

Dickens: No Evidence Replying to an assertion that Charles Dickens was the shorthand writer at the parliamentary inquiry in 1846 into conditions in the Andover Workhouse, Mr. W. J. Carlton wrote in the *Andover Advertiser*, dated April 28th—"As pointed out in my letter to you, printed in the *Advertiser* of 25 April, 1958, Dickens's reporting activities practically ceased in 1836 when he left the *Morning Chronicle* to devote himself to literary work. No shred of evidence has been produced in support of the claim that he reported any part of the proceedings of the workhouse inquiry or that he was ever in Andover, although he may have passed through the town more than once on his way to report political meetings in 1835. During much of the time when the inquiry was being held Dickens was in Switzerland, busily engaged in writing *Dombey and Son* and *The Battle of Life*.

* * * * *

Our Hon. Treasurer Congratulations were accorded to our Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. A. MacGregor, at the Liverpool Conference, on his election as Mayor of Southgate. We have great pleasure in offering our best wishes to him for a

very happy and successful year of office and to Mrs. MacGregor, who, as Mayoress, will doubtless have a busy year in front of her.

* * * * *

When Dickens erred In Chapter 55 of *Pickwick Papers*, in a conversation between Mr. Simmery and Wilkins Flasher, Esq., a Fine Port, Vintage 1764, is mentioned. A correspondent to the *Sunday Times* points out that Dickens must have drawn his bow at a venture and that the arrow flew wide. " It is pretty certain," writes this correspondent " that there was no 1764 Vintage Port, for in that decade merchants and shippers were still fumbling with the shape of the bottle and the first bottle of the cylindrical shape necessary for binning away—the *sine qua non* of Vintage Port—which has come down to us is dated 1770."

* * * * *

American Hon. Secretary honoured We offer our hearty congratulations and good wishes to Mrs. Eunice Griffiths, Hon. Secretary of the California Pickwick Club, on receiving the Insignia of Honorary Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. The order was bestowed upon her by the British Consul General in Los Angeles on behalf of H.M. The Queen. Mrs. Griffiths was so honoured because of her " outstanding services to the cause of Anglo-American friendship and understanding " in founding the California Pickwick Club (Dickens Fellowship Branch) 25 years ago and the John O' London Literary Circle in Los Angeles, 27 years ago.

* * * * *

Dickens and Chatham Memories of the close association of Dickens and his father with Chatham are revived by the appointment of Captain P. G. C. Dickens, D.S.O., M.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., great grandson of the novelist, as Chief Staff Officer to the Flag Officer, Medway, on May 1st this year.

* * * * *

Little Dorrit's Church At the Dickens Commemoration Service in the Church of St. George the Martyr, on Sunday, April 23rd, the sermon was preached by the Rt. Revd. F. D. V. Narborough, M.A., B.D., Lord Bishop of Colchester. The Southwark district was well known to the Bishop as he had at one time been Provost of Southwark Cathedral. The collection was devoted to the restoration of the steps outside the Church and on which Little Dorrit is said to have rested. Contributions to this fund will be gratefully received by the Revd. C. E. W. Bowkett, Parish Church of St. George the Martyr, Borough, London, S.E.1.

JOHN GREAVES.

Having returned from my extended tour overseas, I should like to place on record my most grateful thanks to Mr. Greaves for his considerable labours on the two numbers of *The Dickensian* published during my absence, and for not a little on the present one. Such kindness made possible a life-long ambition.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

A LETTER FROM MARY HOGARTH

By Kathleen Tillotson

"YOUNG, beautiful, and good./God in his mercy/numbered her with his angels/at the early age of/seventeen" was the inscription composed by Charles Dickens for the gravestone of Mary Scott Hogarth, sister of his wife Catherine, who died suddenly after a few hours' illness at his home on May 7th, 1837, thirteen months after his marriage. During the later months of his engagement, Mary, naturally enough, had often acted as a youthful chaperone to Charles and his "dearest Katie"; and, what some biographers have thought less natural, she was a constant and even, so Forster implied, a permanent inmate of their household, first at Furnival's Inn and finally at Doughty Street.

Dickens's devotion to her memory is well known from his letters and diary entries—the grave, the anniversaries, the dreams, the keepsakes, the name of his first daughter Mary—and may also be reflected in Rose Maylie and Little Nell. But of the distinctive personality invested with youth, beauty and goodness, little is conveyed to us even in his tender recollections of that "winning, happy, amiable companion"; not much more than her name appears in the extant letters that he wrote while she was alive; hardly any other contemporary descriptions of her have survived; the single known portrait (by Phiz) Dickens himself thought "worthless" as a "record of that dear face"; and no scrap of her handwriting was known to exist.

A letter from Mary herself has now come to light; a four-page letter, written to "My *very* dearest Mary", her namesake and first cousin, daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Hogarth, of "Scremerston, near Berwick", and dated from her parents' home at "18 York Place", Chelsea, on "May 15", 1836[1]. Without making any sensational disclosures, this letter has much to tell us, both through the facts it communicates and still more through its whole tone and manner; in the process of giving her cousin the latest news of the newly-married Dickenses and their home, and of her parents' household and their circle of friends, Mary unconsciously reveals her sixteen-year-old self, a charming affectionate girl brimming with enjoyment of life and of letter-writing, a personality in her own right, with a mind, and indeed a style, of her own.

* * * * *

She was evidently replying to a letter from her cousin reproaching her for a long silence, since her last letter, with "long postscripts" by "Mamma" and "Kate", written four months before, had not been received; a friend of her elder brother Robert had

[1] Mary II, the cousin, died unmarried in 1876; the letter was preserved in her family and I am indebted to her great-great-niece, my friend Miss Margery Hogarth Clay, who owns it, for kindly making it available for publication and also for much valued assistance. Thanks are also due to Mr. Henry C. Dickens for permission to publish, and to the editors of the forthcoming Pilgrim edition of Dickens's letters (in which the complete letter will be printed) for advice and information, including the loan of transcripts of the unpublished fragment of Catherine's letter and of the extract from Strang's letter to Macrone. My other quotations are from the *Nonesuch Letters* (1938) and from documents on Furnival's Inn printed in *The Dickensian* and now at Dickens House.

promised to get it franked, " and I suppose thought *promising* quite enough without taking any further trouble about *fulfilling* ". She therefore proceeds to make up lost ground, beginning with the most important news:

> . . . I have just returned home from spending a most delightfully happy month with dearest Catherine in her own house ! I only wish you could see her in it, and sincerely hope you may some day or other, not far distant, she makes a most capital housekeeper and is as happy as the day is long—I think they are more devoted than ever since their marriage if that be possible—I am sure you [may] be would be delighted with him if you knew him he is such a nice creature and so clever he is courted and made up to by all literary Gentleman, and has more to do in that way than he can well manage. I cannot discribe to you where their house [is] as I do not think in our many perambulations through this muckle toun, we ever chanced to pass it at all events if we did, we little thought then it was to be such an interesting place afterwards and therefore did not note it, it is in Holborn Furnival's Inn it is called—it is not exactly a house but a suite of rooms opening from one to another they were formerly a set of Chambers which Charles had for 3 years, and they thought it would be a very nice and prudent way of beginning by staying out the expiration of his time, they have furnished them most tastefully and elegantly, the drawing-room with Rose-wood the dining-room with Mahagony furniture—I hope you are fully satisfied with *this* discription.

The essential points here speak for themselves, and it will be for future biographers to reckon with them. Mary, it will be noted, had not taken up her abode at Furnival's Inn, and had apparently no expectation of doing so; she had simply been there on a visit. The " suite of rooms " is known from documents as the " three-pair [i.e., third floor] front " at No. 15, the " set of Rooms or Chambers " of which Dickens had taken a tenancy in December, 1835, moving there from an inferior " three-pair back " at No. 13. Though there were in fact only three rooms (apart from a basement kitchen and cellar and a lumber room in the roof) the rent of £50 a year suggests that they were large. The " suite " would be familiar to Mary from calls with her mother and sister to inspect new purchases and wedding presents, two months or so before; but her cousin's last visit to London probably goes back to the early summer of 1835.

This cousin, born in 1813, was two years older than Catherine, and may have cast a more sage and prudent eye on the engagement to the young *Morning Chronicle* reporter. On July 4th, Dickens, writing an addition to a gossipy letter from Catherine to her[1], had facetiously professed a " high regard " for her as " Catherine's best friend ", and also " because I thought you a very nice person when I had the pleasure of seeing you ". But there is nothing in his half-formal, half-bantering letter (doubtless written self-consciously with his fiancée at his elbow) to suggest

[1] Dickens's letter was published in *Nonesuch Letters* with no indication of its context and a few misreadings. The editor's statement (I 44 n.) that Mary II was a bridesmaid at the wedding, in itself improbable, is ruled out by the present letter.

more than a slight acquaintance; and Mary's " if you knew him " evidently means " if you really knew him ", and is part of a cousinly reassurance after possible doubts, as in the glowing description of the house that is " not exactly a house ".

* * * * *

What she says carries conviction. The literary career of the " nice creature " who was " so clever ", though by no means firmly established, had indeed taken several steps forward in recent months; his first book, the first series of *Sketches by Boz*, had come out in February, and he had been " courted " not only by its publisher Macrone, for whom he had just (May 9th) signed a contract for a three-volume novel, " Gabriel Vardon, the Locksmith of London ", but by Chapman and Hall, publishers of those first two tentative numbers of *Pickwick Papers* on the first of April and May, and possibly also by Richard Bentley, whom he first met through George Hogarth two months before. The success of the *Sketches* (" and the name it has established for me among the publishers ") had encouraged him to bring on the date of his marriage to April 2nd; that of *Pickwick* was still to come.

Mary's letter contains no other direct reference to Charles and Catherine except for a final brief message from " Kate "; but the act of signing the letter—" believe me to be my *own dearest* Mary your truly affectionate Mary Scott Hogarth "—probably reminded her of something else she had to say:

> P.S. You ask me if [I] carry my new title with dignity if you saw me I am sure you would be perfectly satisfied . . .

Now that Catherine's marriage had made the younger sister into " Miss Hogarth ", she would feel more on a level with her twenty-three-year-old cousin, who had borne that " title " since her elder sister Margaret's marriage to Patrick Clay, some seven years before. All the rest of the letter is concerned with their common relatives and friends in the north and in London; Mary records news of them with a delightfully eager concern and occasional incisive phrase. There are references to Mary II's brother-in-law " Mr. Clay ", and to her younger brother, Peter, just her own age, and recently in London, probably on his way to sea:

> and very glad we *were* to see him, what a Giant he has grown ! with the exception of his height I think he is just what he used to be when I was at dear happy Scremerston . . . he seemed delighted at the thoughts of his new mode of life poor fellow !

There are incidental references to " Papa " and " my dearest Mother " (who is in " much better spirits "), and to most of Mary's brothers and sisters, though not to the nine-year-old Georgina. Besides the younger-sisterly reference to Robert's defection already mentioned, there is an elder-sisterly glimpse of the schoolboys William and James, whom " Papa " thinks of sending to a school at " Hamburgh " to acquire a thorough knowledge of German and French—" We shall of course be very sorry to part with them but it will do them a great deal of good "—and to the youngest of the family (Edward Norris and Helen Isabella, born 1833)—" I wish you could see my little darling pets the twins. They get more beautiful every day and so clever it is quite amusing to hear and puzzling to answer the questions they ask ".

This reminds her of a recent " happy happy meeting " with her " dear *Cousin* Twins ", " Teenie " and " Jane ", doubtless the daughters of her aunt Christian and her uncle James Ballantyne, Scott's printer and friend. Jane Ballantyne married her cousin the Rev. David Hogarth of Portland, Dorset, in 1843, and this was only one of several cousin-marriages in the family. The whole tribe of Hogarths and Ballantynes evidently met constantly in childhood when they all lived in or within easy reach of Edinburgh, which was Mary's home until she was twelve. (One can hear the accent in " our many perambulations through this muckle toun ".) An old Edinburgh friend now in London, the wife of the editor of the *Spectator*, who had once been apprenticed to James Ballantyne, is also mentioned—" Mrs. Rintoul is quere as ever ".

There are other names of some fame in the London of the 1830s, such as " Mrs. Lawrance " (presumably the wife of Samuel Laurence the artist, formerly a Gliddon and thus connected with the Leigh Hunt-Lewes set); she and her sisters " are just as pedantic . . . as before ". " The Miss Ayrtons " are Fanny and her sister, daughters of William Ayrton, the musical critic, well known as the " A—— " of Hazlitt's essays, and the friend of Lamb, who refers to the children as " the Ayrtonets "; with these, however, the Hogarths' past " intamacy " has " dwindled down now to a formal exchange of calls "—which is tactful of Mary, as Catherine's unpublished note of 1835 refers to Fanny as " more spiteful than ever ". Such references will assist the annotation of Dickens's own letters, and certainly help to substantiate our growing picture of the distinguished circle into which he married—one of literary journalism, publishing, music, and art, with a mildly Bohemian colouring.

This was also Mary Hogarth's milieu, well before the days of her brother-in-law's fame; and it is one likely to have been stimulating especially to a girl whose abilities he himself noted as " much beyond her years ". But what most strikes the reader of Mary's letter is the entire lack of any parade of herself, and the warmth of her interest in other people; she was perhaps one of those rare beings who really participate in the happiness of those around them, and whose radiance may be mistaken for beauty.

* * * * *

She drew a distinction between her delightful Ballantyne cousins: Teenie was " very pretty indeed ", " but there is something so good and amiable in dear Jane's face that I think she is as pretty as Teenie in another way ". And her own rather heavy, thoughtful face as seen in reproductions of Phiz's portrait (or more clearly in the small engraving taken from it for F. G. Kitton's *Dickens by Pen and Pencil*) might well, with the animation of expression and manner suggested by the letter, look as pretty as her sister's " in another way ".

Between her and that sister, as Dickens said more than once, there was " nothing to remember but a long course of affection and attachment, perhaps never exceeded ". We may assume that this affection, and Kate's advancing pregnancy, drew Mary back for further and more protracted visits to the three rooms at

Furnival's Inn; Dickens later recalled that in January she returned home briefly while the two mothers were visiting them, but came back again next day to keep house for him and stopped nearly the rest of that month. She would continue to meet the " literary Gentlemen ", and one at least seems to have wondered how long she would retain the " new title " that she carried " with dignity ".

John Strang, the City Chamberlain of Glasgow, remembered to inquire after her when writing to his friend and publisher Macrone on January 2nd, 1837:

> How does [Boz's] pretty little sister-in-law get on. She is a sweet interesting creature. I wonder some *two-legged* monster does not carry her off. It might save many a younker losing his night's rest !

Mary died the following May. In the twelve months since she wrote to her cousin at " dear happy Scremerston ", such a nature as hers would not change in essentials. This is surely no potential " shadowy third " threatening the domestic happiness of her beloved Kate, and no uncritical young adorer to be dazzled by Charles's growing fame and brilliance. But neither is she, as some have supposed a very ordinary young girl whom death and Dickens's powerful imagination transfigured in recollection.

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OBITUARY

Mr. A. W. EDWARDS

We very much regret to record the death of Mr. A. W. Edwards at the age of 95. He joined the Fellowship in 1903, soon after its foundation and was Hon. Secretary from 1925 to 1936, when he was obliged to resign from that office owing to deafness. Up till that time his term of office was the longest of any Hon. Secretary and all members who associated with him during those eleven years will remember with pleasure the fine service he rendered to the Fellowship. During his secretaryship he visited a number of our branches in America, where he was accorded a warm welcome. Until nearly the time of his death he had been Trustee of the Dickens House and attended meetings in spite of his advanced age. He was a Civil Servant by profession and for nearly fifty years was a local preacher in the Methodist Church. During the last years of his life he had been living at Margate in Kent. Those who remember him will like to join us in offering our condolences to his two daughters.

Mr. W. H. BINGHAM

The Fellowship loses another valued member by the death of Mr. W. H. Bingham of Wigan. He was an enthusiastic supporter of our work for many years.

FURTHER NOTES BY MISS MARGERY CLAY, DONOR OF THE MARY HOGARTH LETTER TO THE DICKENS HOUSE

I had always been told that my great-grandmother, Margaret Clay, *née* Hogarth, was a cousin of Mrs. Dickens's and that we had an interesting letter describing their early married life by someone who had stayed with them. This letter was read to me when I was about ten years old. I did not know anything about Dickens's life and had no curiosity about the writer of the letter but was interested in what it said.

In the early 1930's, when there had been some excitement in the press over "revelations" about Dickens's married life, my father sent the letter to Sir Henry Fielding Dickens. He said that he was very much interested to read it. I was always under the impression that he had kept it.

So I was delighted to find the letter again, on going through family papers. This time, I was most interested in the signature, Mary Scott Hogarth, and I looked through the letter again to see if addresses and dates were correct, if the letter were indeed written by Dickens's young sister-in-law. Although the year was not given in the date, the references to the marriage and to Furnivall's Inn showed that it must be 1836. The address was that of George Hogarth's family in Chelsea, 18 York Place. The only thing that made me doubtful about the writer's identity was the fact that she spoke of a "visit" and was back in York Place. when most biographers, following Forster, speak of Mary Hogarth as living continously with the Dickenses from the end of their honeymoon until her death.

Luckily, as I knew Professor Kathleen Tillotson, I had an expert to consult. Her work on the letter confirmed its authenticity and threw interesting light on many of its references,—especially to friends of the Hogarth family.

As she says in her article, the Hogarths and Ballantynes were a great deal together in Edinburgh before the 1830's when George Hogarth's family moved south, to Halifax and later to London. My great-grandmother, Margaret Hogarth, was a daughter of George's brother, Robert, who was farming in Roxburghshire in the 1820's and I have letters written by her to her parents in 1822 and 1824 when she, a girl of 11-13, was staying with her aunt Christian Ballantyne, *née* Hogarth. Christian was the wife of Sir Walter Scott's partner, James Ballantyne, and a family tradition has it that my great-grandmother used to sit on Sir Walter's knee. Margaret was doing lessons with the Ballantynes. Her letters have postscripts from her aunt Christian thanking for presents of geese and turkeys and offering clothes for Margaret's younger brothers and sisters. She mentions that "George" has been hearing Margaret's lessons and that Georgina (his wife, *née* Thomson) is unwell. Margaret mentions also a celebrated preacher, Dr. Brunton, a friend of the family who baptised Mary Hogarth and others of the family. His wife wrote moral novels for girls ("Self Control" and "Discipline" are two titles) and Margaret "hears him every Sunday."

Margaret's younger sister, another Mary Hogarth, was the girl to whom Mary Scott Hogarth's letter was written. She was six years older than her namesake, and died unmarried in Berwick-on-Tweed in 1876. In his letter written to her jointly with Catherine in 1835, Dickens describes her as "Catherine's best friend," and she had been to stay with Catherine at Chelsea some time before, as Mary Scott Hogarth had also stayed with her namesake at Scremerston, near Berwick.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

48 Doughty Street,
London, W.C.1. *28th April*, 1961.

Sir,

In my article, "More About the Dickens Ancestry," printed in your issue of January, 1961, I ventured to suggest that Mrs. Rebecca Ball Wilson, with whom Dickens corresponded over a period of some twenty years and to whom he gave three pages of the MS. of *Oliver Twist*, might have been a descendant of the Balls of Claverley, Shropshire. This conjecture can now be disregarded. Before her marriage to Alexander John Ball Wilson she was Rebecca Mary Barrow (1817-77), a daughter of Dickens's maternal uncle, Frederick Charles Barrow (1792-1829). She was therefore the novelist's cousin although her mother was not, as had been stated, a sister of Dickens's mother.

Mrs. Wilson was presumably a widow when living at 4 Mathon Place, Barnsbury, in 1845-66. She moved later to 134 Hemingford Road, Barnsbury, and finally to Sunnyside, Worksop, Notts., where she died on October 9th, 1877. She left all her possessions to be divided equally between her two daughters, Kate Louisa Jane Elizabeth Dabb and Anna Maria Laura Rebecca Watts, her will being witnessed by her brother Frederick John Barrow, the sole executor, and his wife Emma.

It would be interesting to know what became of the three pages of the *Oliver Twist* MS. given to Mrs. Wilson and sold to Walter Spencer on July 22nd, 1921. Another page was sent by Dickens to Charles Edwards Lester on July 19th, 1840 (*Dickensian*, VIII, 296, November, 1912), and fragments are in the Forster collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and at Dickens House.

The above correction does not, of course, invalidate my main thesis that Dickens's grandmother was probably the daughter of James and Amy Ball of Claverley.

Yours sincerely,
W. J. Carlton

THE CHÂLET

The restoration of the châlet from Gadshill and its re-erection in the garden of Eastgate House, Rochester, is now complete and the opening ceremony will be performed on September 22nd. A full report will appear in our next issue.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP
54th ANNUAL CONFERENCE

THE third Conference in the City of Liverpool since the foundation of the Fellowship was held from the 26th to the 29th May, inclusive. It was attended by 152 delegates, representing 14 Home and 3 Overseas branches (Victoria, British Columbia; Pittsburgh, U.S.A.; and Haarlem, Holland). Haarlem was well represented by 16 Dutch members, led by their Life President, Mr. Godfried Bomans.

The Conference started with a kindly touch that Dickens would have appreciated, when all delegates were greeted in their hotel rooms, not only with a message of welcome, but with a red carnation buttonhole, very generously presented by Mrs. Abbott of Liverpool.

Delegates were received on the Friday evening by the Lord Mayor, Alderman P. McKernan and the Lady Mayoress, his daughter. The Lord Mayor warmly welcomed the Dickens Fellowship to Liverpool, wished the Conference every success and gave delegates freedom to wander through the beautiful rooms of the Town Hall, where the reception was held.

For the Business Meeting, the placing of the imposing Council Chamber at the disposal of the Fellowship, by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, was greatly appreciated. Before proceeding with the business, delegates stood in silence out of respect to the memory of Mr. A. W. Edwards, Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship for eleven years, who had recently died. The Chairman of Council, Mrs. M. Giles of Nottingham, both in her thanks to the Lord Mayor and City Corporation of Liverpool, on Friday, and in her opening address to the Business Meeting, stressed the importance of our Conference in fostering friendship among people and in the encouragement of Culture. While cities and landmarks must inevitably change as a result of war and progress, she pointed out that people do not change so much, and that the heart of Liverpool was as warm as it was at the time of the previous Conference, in 1935. She referred to the great value of the Fellowship in providing good friends with whom one could be happy. " We do not *dissect* Dickens," she said, " we *respect* him. We admire his genius and his work for the people."

The Hon. Secretary, after reading messages including one from the Hon. Editor, Mr. L. C. Staples, and another from Miss W. Matz, daughter of the founder of the Fellowship, read the Annual Report of Council for 1960-61.

For next year, the 150th Anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens and the Fellowship's Diamond Jubilee, some plans are already well developed; some are in their infancy; others, we hope, will materialise, as branches put into effect their own ideas for special celebrations. Copies of a statement, in quite attractive form, will shortly be issued to branches, which, it is hoped, will be passed on to various local contacts—the Mayor, the Press, etc., and which may encourage other institutions to arrange their own particular commemorations.

Branches:

Council offers its congratulations to the Redditch Branch on its Golden Anniversary this year.

Since last Conference two branches have been erased from our list—Kokomo, in the United States, and Cheltenham, in this country.

A new branch in the University of Oregon will shortly be applying for its Charter; an enquiry from the friend of a member of the Boston Branch may result in another American branch; it is more than possible that thanks to the efforts of our Eastbourne Hon. Secretary, Mr. Vaughan, the first junior branch may be formed in that town, and there is a possibility also of a new branch springing up in Bradford, Yorkshire.

The final result may therefore be an increase in our number of branches, which stands now at 23 in this country and 36 overseas. New branches in Scandinavia have not yet materialised, although correspondence is still being maintained with the people interested.

Branch Officers:

Council would like to express thanks and pay tribute to the officers of branches, whose untiring and unselfish services, offered and rendered year by year, quite unheralded, except by their own branch members, result in thriving, healthy and happy branches in the Fellowship. Council would like these officers to know that their efforts are fully appreciated and to render grateful acknowledgements to them in this report.

Inter-Branch Correspondence:

Inter-branch correspondence seems to have settled down to an accepted but pleasant routine and thanks to the Micawbers in the branches, who have so willingly taken on this task of letter-writing, a useful and friendly exchange of news is frequently reported.

Visitors Abroad:

It is probably not generally known, but it has been the custom for many years, to hand any member going abroad, an introduction to branches of the Fellowship in places being visited. Often, branches concerned are written to direct, notifying them of a possible visit and asking them to be kind enough to welcome the visiting member. This is part of the service we offer in London, in pursuance of the Fellowship's object that Dickens should form a link and bond of friendship between peoples of the world.

The Dickens Châlet:

The cost of removing, restoring and re-erecting the Chalet will amount to a sum considerably in excess of the original estimate of £1,000, and the refurnishing will need a substantial sum. Although, therefore, £1,000 was very kindly donated by the Isaac Wolfson Foundation, it is hoped that branches who have not already contributed to the Fund will not relax in their efforts in support of this cause.

Fine progress has been made with the work, the erection of the

building in the courtyard of Eastgate House Museum, Rochester, being practically complete and it only remains for the final decorative touches and of course the furnishing. This is proving a more difficult task than was anticipated and has necessitated the spending of much time in searching antique stores. Our President has been successful in obtaining the loan of a chair; a table and sundry other items have already been secured, but there is still very much to be done. If members have any Victorian pieces that might be suitable, and which they are willing to lend or donate, will they please get in touch with the Hon. Secretary. It is hoped that the Chalet will be officially opened to the public towards the end of next month (June), but the date has not yet been definitely fixed

The President:

This year will see the conclusion of the term of office of our President, the Countess of Huntingdon During her Presidency she has taken a very active interest in the fate of the Châlet and we look forward to her bringing this work to completion at the opening ceremony Council would like to express the thanks of the Fellowship to her for the gracious manner in which she has fulfilled this office Her speeches at the public functions she has attended in London have been a joy to listen to and have revealed the depth of her knowledge of Dickens and her obvious love of his works

The question of a successor is still exercising our thoughts

Literature:

Additions to Dickensiana have continued to appear in the publishing world and still there seems to be no drying up of this fruitful source A number of books on Dickens have been published in the U.S.S.R., besides many new translations of his works, and also in Czechoslovakia and Italy.

It is hoped that next year, or soon after, the first volume of the Pilgrim Edition of the letters of Dickens will be published—a long-looked-for event in the world of Dickensian literature.

Although the *News Chronicle* has ceased to exist, a link with Dickens is fortunately still preserved. The *News Chronicle*, Publications Department, which was responsible for the publication of *The Humour of Dickens* has not only survived, but has officially adopted the name of the Dickens Press.

In a series, *Notes on Chosen Texts*, for the use of students in schools, five booklets have been published containing useful study notes on *Nicholas Nickleby, A Tale of Two Cities, David Copperfield, Great Expectations*, and *Hard Times* and also a coloured film strip on the Dickens World, complete with booklet and tape-recorded commentary.

The Dickens Competition:

The Dickens Competition resulted in two all-correct solutions only, both from the Manchester Branch, the winning entry being selected by our President on the Wellerism submitted. In view

of the very excellent entries from our branches in Holland, many of them nearly correct, a special consolation prize was awarded to the nearest all-correct solution entered by our Dutch members. Hearty congratulations of the Fellowship are offered to the members of both the Manchester and the Haarlem Branches on their very fine efforts.

The Dickens House:

Last year, the very wonderful gift to the Dickens House Library of a collection of first editions and Dickensiana from Dr. S. A. Henry and his sister was announced. It was therefore with great regret that we learned of the deaths of both Dr. Henry and Miss Henry before either of them could personally present, at an official ceremony, this valuable addition to our library. The collection will remain a fitting memorial to its generous donors.

The Theatre:

During the year under review, possibly the production of the highly-successful musical, *Oliver* was the most surprising and outstanding Dickensian event in the world of entertainment. The atmosphere of Dickens and Dickens's London has been so excellently preserved that one cannot imagine the spirit of our great novelist spending the evening on the floor of his box, as Dickens himself did at one production of *Oliver Twist.*

Preservation of Dickens Landmarks:

Yet another property in London associated with Dickens has been marked by a tablet—No. 14 Gt. Russell Street, where Nicodemus Dumps lived up to his name on the occasion of the famous Bloomsbury Christening.

Future Conferences:

Council's attention has been called to the fact that members often leave the booking of their Conference tickets until very late. This is unfair to the branch inviting Conference and creates many difficulties in organisation. Members are therefore urged in future to book their tickets at the same time as they make their hotel reservations, and to remember Mr. Micawber's dictum that "procrastination is the thief of time."

Conclusion:

As for the future we must not, like Mr. Micawber, be found waiting for something to turn up. We must help things to turn up and help ourselves by introducing new members. If every member makes a resolution to do that, 1962 will be a bright year for the Fellowship. We look forward to great times in both Boston and Portsmouth.

The accounts of The Dickens Fellowship, The Dickens House and *The Dickensian* for the year were then presented by the Hon. Treasurer and appear in this issue, and in the next.

Following the adoption of the Annual Report and Accounts, the existing Vice-Presidents and the Officers, Mr. John Greaves (Hon. Secretary), Mr. W. A. MacGregor (Hon. Treasurer), and Mr. L. C. Staples (Hon. Editor of *The Dickensian*) were re-elected for a further year. In proposing this item, Mr. Leo Mason of Blackburn referred in appreciative terms to the Officers and paid tribute to the excellent work carried out by the Assistant Secretary, Miss Minards. The election of the President was left in the hands of the Officers.

The prize for the Dickens Competition was presented by the Chairman to the winner, Miss M. Corney, Hon. Secretary of the Manchester Branch.

The Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Morris, Gregory & Co., Chartered Accountants, were re-elected and a vote of thanks proposed to them, associated also with the name of Mr. H. Evans.

It was agreed that a Charter should be granted to a new branch in Eugene, Oregon, and wishes for their success extended to the group of Dickensians in Oregon University constituting its founder members.

Reference was made to next year's Conference in Boston, Mass., and it was pointed out that details were available for any members who were interested in attending.

The Hon. Secretary of the Portsmouth Branch outlined the proposals of that city regarding the special Dickens celebrations in October, 1962. Items included a Dickens play; a Fancy Dress Ball; a Dinner in the Guildhall; the placing of a tablet in the Church where Dickens was christened, and a proposal to hold the celebrations from Wednesday, October 3rd to Sunday, October 7th, inclusive, was approved and good support promised. It was also pointed out that an appeal will later be launched by Portsmouth for contributions to a fund to be devoted to the building of a new wing to a Home for the Aged, which it was intended should have rooms named after Dickens characters. This it was agreed would be an appropriate memorial to Dickens and one with which he would have been sympathetic.

Little Dorrit was agreed as the Book for Study for 1962-63.

The activities of the N.W. Regional Group were briefly reported on by Mr. Leo Mason on behalf of the Chairman of the Group.

Mr. Sachs, President of Haarlem Branch, pointed out that members of the original branch living in Amsterdam and the Hague frequently held reading circles and it was thought that great advantage would ensue if distinct branches could be formed in each of these places, which would still join with Haarlem for occasional meetings, under the Fellowship group system. The Conference Meeting approved the formation of separate branches in Amsterdam and The Hague, providing this did not weaken the original branch at Haarlem. It was left to members in each of these places to make application accordingly, if and when they desired to do so, and when suitable officers had been appointed.

A sincere vote of thanks to the Chairman was proposed by Mrs. Maria Wilkins of Haarlem Branch, to which Mrs. Giles briefly replied.

On Saturday afternoon, some delegates visited Speke Hall and others enjoyed a conducted tour of the Gladstone Docks, followed by a coach ride to Speke Airport and Otterspool Promenade and Gardens.

An outstandingly successful Dinner was held in the evening, in the Adelphi Hotel, attended by about 200 members and guests. Miss M. Dougherty, President of the Liverpool Branch, took the Chair. Miss Irene Howes, Hon. Treasurer of the branch, very kindly provided carnation and rose buttonholes for all those present and the branch presented dainty little Victorian posies to the guests.

Following the Loyal Toast, the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens was proposed by Mrs. I. Collins, M.A., B.Litt., whose speech is reported in full on another page of this issue.

The Toast to the Dickens Fellowship was most amusingly proposed by Canon R. B. Parker, in a speech brimming over with Dickensian humour, to which the Hon. Secretary replied with appropriate Pickwickian references.

The Lord Mayor and Corporation of the city was proposed by the Chairman, and the Lord Mayor responded.

The Guests were proposed by Miss Irene Howes, and Mr. T. J. P. York, M.A., replied on their behalf.

* * *

On Sunday morning, delegates had an opportunity of attending an Ordination Service in Liverpool Cathedral, followed by a tour of this imposing building, kindly conducted by the Dean of Liverpool.

In the afternoon, a lecture, " Dickens and Liverpool—Romance and Reality," was given by Dr. K. J. Fielding, M.A., D.Phil., in the Adelphi Hotel. This session was thoroughly appreciated by a large audience of delegates, who were thereby enabled to obtain a clear and fascinating picture of Liverpool as it was when Dickens knew it.

Sunday evening was devoted to the lighter side of Conference—a Victorian Interlude, when the Liverpool Branch acted as host. Music and laughter, with " knife and fork " (to quote an eminent Dickensian from the North) were happily intermingled and a surprise was provided by the appearance of " Mr. Charles Dickens " giving readings from *Dombey and Son* and *Pickwick Papers*.

The evening was " rounded off " by the showing of a sound film in colour, " Pickwick Incognito," written, produced and performed by Messrs. Marius and Joe Beek (better known perhaps as Brothers Ned and Charles) and ably assisted by members of the Haarlem Branch, led by their Life President.

The film was introduced by Mr. Godfried Bomans in his usual delightful manner. The slight imperfections of synchronisation added to the fun of this very remarkable effort on the part of the Dutch members. The cast was as follows:

Joseph Smiggers, Esq., P.V.P.M.P.C.	Godfried Bomans
Mr. Pickwick	Marius Beek
Mr. Blotton of Aldgate	Marius Beek (Act II) Jo Beek (Act III)

Bill Stumps	Jo Beek
Landlady of The Leather Bottle	Mrs. Nel Wiener
Tracy Tupman	Mrs. Lo Beek
Nathaniel Winkle	Nico Andriessen
Mrs. Stumps	Mrs. Julia Beek

Members of the Pickwick Club, etc., the three Messrs. Beek and the two Misses Beek.

Every member of the cast took his or her part admirably, but special reference must be made to the benign Mr. Pickwick of Marius Beek, the rascally Bill Stumps of Joe Beek and the villainous Mr. Blotton, so brilliantly shared between both gentlemen.

* * *

Monday was pleasantly accounted for by a tour of Snowdonia, which was thoroughly enjoyed by two coach loads of delegates.

Additional visits to places of interest in Liverpool were arranged for Conference delegates staying after Monday, and included the Liver Building; St. George's Hall, where Dickens gave his public readings; the Walker Art Gallery, where a special exhibition of first editions of Dickens's books was arranged, and tours of Capesthorne Hall and Chester.

Long preparation and individual efforts of various members throughout the preceding year—a fine example of successful team work, resulted in a Conference which was thoroughly enjoyed by all attending, and which will be remembered with pleasure for a long time.

J.G.

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF CHARLES DICKENS

Speech by Mrs. Irene Collins, M.A., B.Litt., F.R.Hist.S., Lecturer in Modern History (Liverpool University) at the Liverpool Conference Dinner.

When Charles Dickens was first asked to pay a formal visit to Liverpool, in February, 1844, he accepted the invitation with some misgivings. He was afraid, he told his friend John Forster, that he would find the Liverpool people too genteel. Perhaps, you will think, he had obtained this impression two years earlier, when he had stayed briefly at the Adelphi Hotel before embarking for America. But no. His fears were apparently aroused by the fact that the Liverpool Mechanics' Institute, when inviting him to take the chair at an annual soirée, had sent him £20 to cover his train fare and expenses. This led Dickens to believe that the Liverpool Mechanics' Institute must be a very wealthy organisation indeed. And of course he was right. On perusing the literature that arrived with the £20, Dickens discovered that, in addition to the usual educational activities of Mechanics' Institutes, our Institute in Mount Street ran a high grammar school and paid out large sums of money each year in salaries to the masters.

Now Dickens thoroughly approved of Mechanics' Institutes. Like many Victorians, he was a great believer in giving education to the poor; not in order that the poor might become clever—he didn't think much of anybody becoming clever—but in order

that they might become virtuous. Send the poor to school and they would learn to strive after those qualities which had made the middle class of England respectable and successful. To be serious, clean, and thrifty, to redeem the time, to abstain from gambling, drunkenness, and looseness of living, to pay some attention to the world beyond the gin shop and the street corner, to remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy—here was knowledge which the simplest minds could acquire, and the rewards would be great on earth and in Heaven. The little Marchioness was probably not the only one of the lower class to view the prospect with tears, but she herself vindicated the policy by becoming, after a few years at school, a fit wife for an honest man.

So an invitation from a Mechanics' Institute could command Dickens's immediate sympathy. Admittedly a Mechanics' Institute which sent a cheque for £20 was something outside the usual run. Manchester and Birmingham had expected Dickens to visit them for nothing; Leeds had entered into a sort of business deal with him; and now here was Liverpool, nonchalantly sending money without so much as asking what sum he was likely to spend.

Dickens was not, of course, squeamish about money. Again like many Victorians, he had a proper respect for money. He didn't precisely think that money made people happy—are we not told at a point in *Nicholas Nickleby* that the poor Nicklebys were social and happy while the rich Nickleby was alone and miserable?—but if he was dealing with the sort of people who knew *how* to be happy, then money could give them more scope for their happiness. Dickens never doubted that Bob Cratchitt would be happier when Mr. Scrooge gave him a rise. More than one of his heroes and heroines arrived, if not at great fortune, at least at a modest competence; and far from losing the joys they had known in poverty, which would doubtless have happened to them in a later and more disillusioned age, they lived happily ever after. The early Victorian ideal of a happy man was Mr. Pickwick, arrived at middle age with enough money to indulge his jovial hobbies.

Dickens liked people to be generous too—generous to a fault. Mr. Jarndyce was quite stupidly generous, yet Dickens clearly believed that the world would be a better place if it contained more men like Mr. Jarndyce. It would be worth risking a few Harold Skimpoles for the sake of the good that would be done to the little Coavinses and the Miss Flites.

Why, then, should Dickens have been worried about an invitation from a Mechanics' Institute which was rich enough and generous enough to toss away £20? I think the answer must be that Dickens could never be quite sure that people who had a lot of money would have enough heart. Like Gilbert's Phyllis he could not readily believe that

> Hearts just as pure and fair
> May beat in Belgrave Square
> As in the lowly air
> Of Seven Dials.

He could only be truly confident about the rich if he learnt that they had once been poor, and that they could stand bare-headed with Charles Cheeryble in pious recollection of the day when they had walked barefoot to town to seek their fortune. The fact that this rich Liverpool committee was engaged in charitable work was not in itself a guarantee that the members were endowed with loving hearts. The future inventor of Mrs. Pardiggle was well aware that charity can spring from other sources than loving-kindness.

So Dickens travelled to Liverpool with doubts in his mind. They were soon dispelled. Again like many Victorians Dickens had one certain test for hearts. If feelings were strong enough they would burst forth. The large-hearted man would beam upon the world like Mr. Pickwick, greet friends boisterously like Mr. Wardle, fume with righteous indignation like Mr. Brownlow, give way to generous impulses like Dr. Losberne, and above all be prepared, like so many of Dickens's characters, to break down into honest tears. The Liverpool audience came through the test triumphantly. Dickens extolled the levelling qualities of education: " Differences of wealth, of rank, of intellect, we know there must be," he said, " and we respect them; but we would give to all the means of taking out one patent of nobility, and we define it in the words of Tennyson:

> Howe'er that be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> True hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood

and the speech was enlivened, as he afterwards told his wife, " by thirteen hundred persons with frequent, vehement, uproarious and deafening cheers." During the interval his new black and white magpie waistcoat was audibly admired. " What is it ? *Is* it a waistcoat ? No, it's a shirt !—and the like," all of which our young author (for he was but thirty-two) found very gratifying and complimentary. His reply to the vote of thanks was greeted with " clapping of hands and stamping of feet, thunderous and awful." And as the audience left the hall, each person was handed a copy of a poem composed specially for the occasion and including the affecting lines:

> While thus assembling here tonight, in learning's spacious hall,
> Not from our *lips* alone, dear Boz, the words of welcome fall.
> Could we but show our heart's deep thoughts, lay kindly feelings bare,
> Thou mightest behold how rich in truth the welcome springeth there.
> What art is thine ? The honest tar hath flung thy book aside,
> And sought in vain some apt excuse for tears he fain would hide.
> By forest fire, far in the west, fast bound as by a spell,
> Unconscious breathes the woodman rough a sigh for little Nell.

To a modern audience all this may seem embarrassing, and even meaningless, but Victorian Englishmen were not afraid to wear their hearts on their sleeves, nor were they so cynical that they must be for ever suspecting hypocrisy behind a show of feeling.

Dickens paid many further visits to Liverpool. He took part in plays at the Theatre Royal and the Amphitheatre. He read

his own works at St. George's Hall, which he greatly admired, and at the Philharmonic. In his speeches he referred to " the stately buildings " of " this beautiful town," but in his spare time he found something which attracted him more. Streets, streets, apparently endless streets. Narrow streets, quaint streets, ugly streets, poor and dirty streets. Dickens was never happier than when roaming the streets of a big city. He wandered down Whitechapel late on a Saturday night, striding over " the potsherds, the dead cats and broken bottles " to see the booths where quack doctors sold " nasty-looking preparations " to crowds of noisy Liverpuddlians. He marvelled at the vast number of orange sellers—" poor creatures," he said, " desperately ragged and destitute." He was fascinated by the pawnbrokers' shops. " My uncle's counting houses . . . are all thronged tonight," he wrote. " If you enter one of these pawnshops—they are called so plainly, without reticence or diffidence, hereabout—and elbow your way through Vallombrosian thickets of wearing apparel and miscellaneous articles, you will observe there as peculiarities in the internal economy of the avuncular life, at variance with London practice, that the duplicates are not of cardboard but of paper, having an appearance something between dock warrants and Twelfth-cake lottery tickets, and that the front of each compartment of the counter is crossed by a stout wooden barrier—whether for the convenience of the pledger to rest his elbows on while transacting business, or to restrain the said pledger from violently wresting from my uncle's hands any article before he has legally redeemed it, I am unable to say."

In his rôle as the Uncommercial Traveller Dickens toiled up Brownlow Hill to visit wretched discharged soldiers in the workhouse. In the same rôle he penetrated into unsavoury lodgings for seamen in the dock area, and wrote about the dreadful harpies who were always sitting up waiting for Jack. Everywhere he went, he said on his last visit, working men stopped to shake him by the hand and tell him they knew his books.

In the end he must have known that he was loved in this city by poor and rich alike. " They turned away hundreds," Dickens wrote of his recital at the Philharmonic in 1858. " They sold all the books and rolled on the floor of my room knee-deep in cheques."

Liverpool was the first city in England to give Dickens a public banquet as a tribute to his work. It was the year before his death. As he went from the Adelphi to the station for the last journey home, people of all classes, we are told, thronged to take him by the hand and thank him for the pleasure he had given them. And so, Madame Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, may we who have found pleasure in the works of Charles Dickens follow a proud precedent by honouring a great and loveable author in this city of Liverpool, which lay, Dickens said, next in his heart to London. The toast, Ladies and Gentlemen, is to " The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens."

WOPSLE

By V. C. Clinton-Baddeley

From a lecture given to the Dickens Fellowship in London, February 19th, 1960

I

MR. Wopsle (of *Great Expectations*) has not attracted a great deal of attention from stage historians—partly because he is so deeply over-shadowed by his splendid provincial colleague, Mr. Vincent Crummles, and partly, perhaps, because readers have regarded him as an improbable character. It does seem unlikely that a parish clerk would migrate to London and take to the boards in his middle-age.

In his early days there would have been nothing improbable in Mr. Wopsle turning actor. He had an obsession. But, in middle-age, there could be only one logical explanation for his rashness—emulation. If Pip could go to London, surely Mr. Wopsle, with all his talents, could follow the same road with good promise of success.

Mr. Wopsle had first committed himself to a trial appearance on his homeground. There had been orange peel, barracking, and laughter, but the interruptions had not been sufficient to destroy his self-esteem. He had come to London and he had got a job at "a small metropolitan theatre." The question is—what did Dickens intend to convey by those words? Exactly what kind of theatre was it that encouraged the parish clerk in this hazardous experiment ?

In the June number of *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, Mary Edminson admirably argued in favour of 1807-1823 as the probable period for the main action of the book. The evidence of the bridges is a clincher. But one may still dispute the suggestion that *Great Expectations* is the one Dickens book which is almost all of a piece. She has neglected the evidence of the theatre. The following article was written before the publication of Miss Edminson's work. Without contending against her dates, it shows how the evidence of theatre history might have pointed to a different date. Miss Edminson's dates are right—but the theatre dates prove that the book is not quite at unity. Different time strands are to be found in this, as in all other Dickens novels.

Pip was twenty-three when he saw Mr. Wopsle perform Hamlet. If in this mixed chronology we suppose that he was born in the same year as his creator (for Pip and Charles are as certainly related as Charles and David) then Mr, Wopsle would have made his lamentable debut in 1835. But there is a practical objection to a date as early as 1835. Until the reform of the theatre laws in 1843, the " legitimate drama " was reserved, by the terms of the Lord Chamberlain's licences, for the privileged houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. All through the early nineteenth century the minor theatres had been encroaching on the rights of the great theatres. Elliston at the Surrey, and Glossop at the Coburg, had contrived to act Shakespeare disguised as burletta or melodrama;[1]

[1] *Oxberry's Dramatic Biography*, 1825, Vol. III, p. 30, has preserved one precious couplet from the burletta of *Macbeth*, cooked up for Elliston by one Lawler:

Is this a dagger which I see before me ?
My brains are scatter'd in a whirlwind stormy.

Kean had performed *The Merchant of Venice* and *Othello* at the City theatre in 1831, and from 1832 the law was constantly broken by theatre buccaneers—but it would surely be unreasonable to attribute such enterprise to the inexperienced Wopsle. It seems unlikely that his Hamlet could have been earlier than 1844, and this theatrical date is strengthened by tracing the chronology of *Great Expectations* backwards from the end of the story. Eleven and a half years passed between Pip's second visit to the theatre and the day when he returned to find Estella in the garden at Satis House: to which may be added three and a half years for time to marry, and settle down, and write a book, If we presume that Pip's story was written at the same time as Charles Dickens wrote *Great Expectations*, then Pip's second visit to the theatre may reasonably be placed fifteen years earlier than 1860, that is in 1845. The performance of Hamlet took place a year earlier, and 1844 is the date which an examination of theatre politics has already suggested for it.

But what kind of theatre, in 1844, would have permitted Mr. Wopsle to make his first appearance in the star part of Hamlet? There are three pieces of evidence on this matter in a remark made by Joe Gargery on the day after Mr, Wopsle's arrival in London. "Me and Wopsle," said Joe, "went off straight to look at the Blacking Ware'us. But we didn't find that it come up to its likeness in the red bills at the shop doors; which I meantersay as it is there drawed too architectooraloorall" (Chapter XVII). The Blacking Ware'us? Can it be that Dickens has placed Mr. Wopsle's theatre in that building by the river where he and David Copperfield once laboured? The locality is right, for we know that the "small metropolitan theatre" was in "the waterside neighbourhood" of the Temple. It would have been a pleasant way of burying his memories.

Old warehouses at this period were often taken over to house a "penny gaff," those extraordinary slaughter-houses of the drama which strangely arose in the nineteenth century and endured for a large part of it. "Blacking Ware'us" is certainly significant. But the evidence about the inside of the house tells another story. There was a gallery, and the gallery had an iron bar. There was an orchestra, and the orchestra could command a flute. *Hamlet* was played in full, for the court scene, the ghost, the players, the recorders, the journey to England, the mad scene, the graveyard, and the duel, are all mentioned. The cast was too small. So was the stage—but it was not without machinery; in the pantomine Mr. Wopsle, in the role of the Enchanter, made his entry on a stage lift, and finally "ascended into the clouds in a large watch case." The costumes left something to be desired—but the queen had a diadem, and Mr. Wopsle had taken trouble to have his stocking disordered. Moreover, however small the building was, he had a dressing-room to himself and was attended by a professional dresser.

It could hardly have been at one of the "penny gaffs" that Mr. Wopsle was exhibiting himself, for every one of these points disproves the suggestion. The penny theatres were wretched places. The gallery was a series of unprotected planks. The orchestra

consisted in a couple of fiddles. The scenery and costumes were bad beyond imagination; and the whole performance lasted only about three-quarters of an hour. Most of these dens had at least two houses a night, and some are said to have filled half a dozen.[1] Mr. Wopsle had done better for himself than that, even if the building had once been a blacking warehouse. He was acting at a ' minor theatre.'

The word " minor " had arisen in the days when the " legitimate drama " was reserved for the two major houses of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and after 1843 the labels " major " and " minor " were not quickly forgotten. All the small theatres—whether the dignified little theatre in the Haymarket, the elegant new St. James's theatre, or the Olympic, splendidly run by Madame Vestris between 1830 and 1839; or, at the other end of the scale, the Royal Pavilion, Whitechapel, the Royal Pavilion, Marylebone, and the Grecian Saloon, in the City Road—all were minor theatres. The difference between the various grades of minor theatre was reflected in the price. The Haymarket charged 5/- for the boxes, the Olympic 4/- but both the Royal Pavilions charged 2/- and the Royal Standard and the Bower Saloon (the latter on the Surrey side) were only 1/-. Unfortunately Pip does not say what he paid for his seat at Mr. Wopsle's theatre.

Dickens was drawing on his memories of several houses, and, naturally, his memories were not tied down precisely to a single year. Some of his material is later than 1845, some of it earlier. We cannot hope to identify any particular theatre, but it will be an agreeable expedition to follow the evidence that he gives, and to see where it leads us.

First—the red bill mentioned by Joe Gargery. The minor theatres went in for all kinds of coloured bills, yellow being particularly popular. It was in a yellow bill that Jane Wackles had screwed her curls during the whole of the day preceding the party in Chapter VIII of *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1840). The Enthoven Collection contains red bills—a horrid tomato red—for the Royal Standard, the Albert Saloon, the City of London, both the Royal Pavilions, and the Olympic. But all of them are *benefit* bills—except two of May, 1832, for the Royal Pavilion, Marylebone. The first of these appears to have been printed on red in order to emphasise the great success of *The Fire Raiser, or the Prophet of the Moor*, with its TERRIFIC CONFLAGRATION at the end of Act 1. The second advertised an " entirely New Melo-Drama of intense interest " called *Foul Anchor*, featuring a performing dog, which at the end, " having avenged his Master Expires at his Feet." (Later bills for this play were printed on ordinary paper.)

It seems clear that Dickens rightly remembered the red posters of the minor theatres; doubtless he had seen hundreds of them in his time; but perhaps he had forgotten that a red poster was used more often for benefits than for ordinary performances. Nearly all minor theatre benefit bills of this date are printed on coloured paper—yellow, green, mauve, as well as red; and, conversely, nearly all coloured bills turn out to be benefit bills.

[1] *See* " Penny Theatres " in *Sketches of London*, by James Grant, 1831.

Next, the picture of the theatre on the bill, which Joe said was "drawed too architectooralooral." Throughout the eighteen-fifties (until it was rebuilt in 1858) the Britannia Theatre bills were decorated with a crude woodcut of the outside of the theatre. Dickens was probably thinking of this picture, which he must very often have seen. The Enthoven Collection, which has several of the Britannia bills with the picture, also possesses a Grecian Saloon bill of 1838, a date nearer to the Wopsle period, and this carries a lovely sedate picture of the house, drawn in the manner that Joe described. But a picture of the theatre is not a common embellishment of the bills, any more than red was their ordinary colour. A bill combining both picture and red paper does not appear to have been preserved, and probably it never existed.

None of the theatres so far mentioned is close to that waterside neighbourhood of the Temple where Dickens placed the blacking warehouse turned theatre. "It is nowhere now," he added, as though, momentarily, he had had a particular theatre in mind. He might have been thinking of the Westminster Theatre, opened in 1832. Dickens, with his daily engagement at the House of Commons, would certainly have known the Westminster. It only lasted four years but an additional link between Dickens and this theatre is the fact that T. D. Davenport, supposed original of Crummles, was its first manager.

Or he might have been thinking of the Royal Pantheon, Catherine Street, which was much nearer the Temple than the Westminster was. Now the Pantheon was a private theatre, an amateur theatre, where the stage-struck could purchase parts and appear upon the boards for their own exclusive delight; and Mr. Wopsle, it must be remembered, was originally advertised as "The celebrated Provincial Amateur of Roscian renown, whose unique performance in the highest tragic walk of our National Bard has lately occasioned so great a sensation in local dramatic circles."

A footnote in *Oxberry's Dramatic Biography* (1826)[1] contains valuable evidence about the private theatres. It must be repeated here, partly because so clear a statement is not easily to be found elsewhere, and partly because it throws some light upon Mr. Wopsle.

> ". . . In 1814, there existed the Minor Theatre, in Catherine-street; one in Berwick-street; another in Gloucester-street, Tottenham-court-road; a fourth in Sutton-street, Soho; and a fifth, called the Dominion of Fancy, in the Strand. The system at each of these houses was precisely similar. You paid from £10 down to £4 for the houses, according to their respective repute; for which the proprietor furnished lights, dresses, and music. The person thus taking the house then put up a cast of a play; a copy of one of which, as a curiosity, we subjoin.
>
> "Thus it will be perceived, £7 . 8 was realised by the play [the ladies apparently did not pay]; and, as the farce and interlude were calculated to raise £6 more, there was some profit connected with the trouble of getting up this sort of

[1] Vol. V, pp. 74-77.

exhibition. These *casts* were publicly exposed in the theatre, and the merest stranger might put his name opposite the character, pay the deposit, and it would be his . . . The cast we have given we had from the proprietor of "The Minor," and its date is 1815. Since that period, the Dominion of Fancy, Gloucester-street theatre, and that in Sutton-street, have closed, and their loss has been supplied by one in Rawsthorne-place, one in John-street, Wilmington-square, and another in the vicinity of Commercial-road. These places are not, cannot be, respectable; for any one bringing the necessary sum, may strut forth as *Hamlet*, and no enquiry into character or capability takes place. Of the females who appear at these places we would speak tenderly; but our experience tells us, that if not vicious at first, they generally become so . . .

MINOR THEATRE

IRON CHEST

Characters	*Amount*	*Name of person taking it*
Sir Edward Mortimer	£1 . 10	Mr.
Wilford	£1 . 1	Mr.
Fitzharding	15	Mr.
Adam Winterton	16	Mr. Barnes
Old Rawbold	7	Mr. Lewis
Samson	12	Mr. Barrett
Armstrong	10	Mr.
Orson	12	Mr.
1st Robber	6	Mr. Simpson.
2nd Ditto	5	Mr.
3rd Ditto	4	Mr.
4th Ditto	4	Mr.
Robber's Boy	4	Mr.
Servant	2	Mr.
Lady Helen	—	Miss Byrne.
Barbara	—	Miss Brown.
Blanch	—	Miss Sloman.
Judith	—	Miss Lewis.

"What we have described are public private theatres, *i.e.* theatres that any individuals may hire. Of a very different description is that highly respectable establishment in Wilson-street; the proprietor of which, Mr. Pym, never admits any subscriber under twenty-one, or without a proper enquiry into his character . . .

"At the 'public private theatre' it is positively a rare thing to hear our language decently spoken. The grossest vulgarisms, substitutions of the *V* for *W*, aspirations, and mispronunciations, are invariable attendants. The words of the author are seldom learnt by the actors, and it is not unusual to see four parts read in one piece. The performers are annoyed by the interruptions of their brethren, who attend in front, to 'lark' the image of their own misdoings. This is an unexaggerated

description of scenes occurring every week, at least, at two of the theatres we have named . . ."[1]

The mention of *Hamlet* is a point of some interest. It will be remembered, too, that Mr. Wopsle was considerably "larked" during his presentation of the Prince of Denmark: it is also significant that Dickens should have written an early paper on "Private Theatres" in *Sketches by Boz*, and that he should have referred in it to Catherine Street. Moreover, there is one statement in that essay which illuminates Mr. Wopsle's adoption of the *nom de guerre* of Waldengarver. "With the double view of guarding against discovery of friends or employers, and enhancing the interest of an assumed character, by attaching a high-sounding name to its representative, these geniuses assume fictitious names, which are not the least amusing part of the play-bill of a private theatre. Belville, Melville, Treville, Berkeley, Randolph, Byron, St. Clair, are among the humblest."

The Pantheon Theatre did not, in fact, advertise such names, nor would it have referred to Mr. Wopsle as "a celebrated Provincial Amateur of Roscian renown" for, surprisingly, its bills were modestly conceived and neatly printed. Nevertheless we begin to approach the truth. We can be sure that Mr. Wopsle could never have made that kind of first appearance without paying for it.[2]

The "public private theatre" was just the place for the exercise of Mr. Wopsle's talent, and if life could be supported upon air, our investigation would have reached a reasonable conclusion. But actors require food and lodging and it is entirely clear that Mr. Wopsle could not have gone on paying for parts. Some time elapsed between Pip's two visits to the theatre—certainly more than a year—and Mr. Wopsle had not given in. This can only mean that Mr. Wopsle was working, not at a private theatre, such as the Pantheon, but at a professional theatre, at which, in the first instance, he had been able to buy himself in.

Now, the truth is that there is nothing remarkable about that. Private theatres were not the only place where an amateur could buy his way on to the stage. "This *well-managed* Theatre [the Olympic] has presented six or seven amateurs to public notice, within this fortnight," wrote the sarcastic editor of *Oxberry's Dramatic Biography* in 1826.[3] That sort of thing would have been stopped at the Olympic after 1830, when Madame Vestris began her brilliant management, but other minor theatres conducted themselves on the same lines as the pre-Vestris Olympic, and evidently, it was at one of these that Mr. Wopsle was permitted to divert himself.

[1] Elsewhere in *Oxberry's Dramatic Biography* there is a review of a performance at the Private Theatre, Catherine Street: "We do verily believe that every notorious theatrical ruffian in London had assembled." And, "Magisterial interference would well be directed towards a place more disorderly than a cockpit or a bull-bait."—Vol. V, p. 54.

[2] Catherine Street long retained its reputation as an amateur centre. *The Town*, May 12th, 1838, describes how "a party of young gentlemen amused themselves and their friends with the massacre of Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved*" at the Pantheon. The *Illustrated London News* of September 21st, 1861 (while Dickens was still writing *Great Expectations*) contains a reference to the Gem Theatre, Catherine Street, where three plays, including *The Merchant of Venice*, had just been "respectively represented by a party of amateurs who were not altogether ignorant of their business. The room, which is very elegant, was crowded with theatrical loungers."

[3] Vol. IV, p. 216.

All through the eighteenth century, and increasingly in the early nineteenth century, amateur performers had been admitted, not only in provincial companies, but even at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Early nineteenth-century records of the two great theatres reveal amateur Iagos, Macbeths, Hamlets, Richards. It suited the managements for one reason or another—either because the amateurs paid for the privilege, or because they were likely to draw a good house through their honourable connections. The result was often deplorable, as a review by Hazlitt shows in *The Examiner* of October 1st, 1815.

> "A Mr. Edwards, who has occasionally played at private theatricals, appeared at Covent Garden theatre in the character of Richard the Third. It was one of those painful failures, for which we are so often indebted to the managers. How these profound judges . . . should yet be so completely ignorant of their profession, as to seem not to know the difference between the *best* and the *worst*, and frequently to bring forward in the most arduous characters, persons whom the meanest critic in the pit immediately perceives to be totally disqualified for the part they have undertaken—is a problem which there would be some difficulty in solving."

The Times of September 26th, 1815, supplies the details. At the end of the second act there was apparently such an uproar that a suggestion was made from the stage that the rest of the part should be played by Charles Kemble. In the end Edwards was allowed to continue " and the good humour of the audience seemed to revive, as their risible faculties were put into accelerated motion, by the subsequent progress of this unparalleled *Richard*, in terror, guilt and butchery."[1]

Mr. Wopsle's performance as Hamlet was clearly no worse than Mr. Edwards's performance as Richard, and Mr. Wopsle was at least appearing at a theatre where less was expected.

With all this amateurism in the professional theatre,[2] there was nothing extraordinary in Mr. Wopsle being proclaimed as an amateur, and nothing extraordinary in his making his first appearance in a leading part. He would have bought that, and his unhappy decline from Hamlet to " a great power direct from the Admiralty " in the naval melodrama, and an Enchanter in the pantomime, can be explained by his not being able to buy a leading part again. Later, as an ordinary member of the company, he would have had to submit to appearing as " a faithful black," and " a predatory Tartar of comic propensities, with a face like a red brick, and an outrageous hat all over bells."

Such is the evidence, and it hardly leaves us in any uncertainty about what sort of establishment Mr. Wopsle's theatre was; but

[1] Hazlitt's review is sufficient evidence of Edwards's inadequacy. But the opposition was in part organised. *Oxberry's Dramatic Biography*, Vol. I. p. 9, in the Memoir of Kean, refers to the meetings of the Wolf Club at The Coal Hole, " where every man took an oath to support legitimate acting and run down pretenders. The way in which this oath was kept, was proved by the conduct pursued by Messrs. Meggott, Edwards, and Cobham, on their respective assumptions of Richard the Third."

[2] Not many years before the Wopsle period, Alfred Bunn was charging amateurs for the privilege of appearing at Drury Lane in the great masquerade scene in *Gustavus the Third*. " I have seen on the stage, during the masquerade in the last act," he wrote proudly, " between thirty and forty Peers of an evening, and have more than once numbered amongst them three foreign ambassadors." Alfred Bunn, *The Stage Both Before and Behind the Curtain*, 1840, Vol. I, p. 141.

the most gifted investigator will never be able to identify it. It was the creation of the novelist, assembled by Dickens from a mind full of varied recollections. The amateurism, the red bills, the picture on the bills, the ex-warehouse, the behaviour in the auditorium, and the technical equipment of the stage—all these things derive from different memories of several theatres. Dickens has welded them together to make his own minor theatre and a perfectly fair picture it is of a theatre that might have been.

II

Upon every item of business and procedure in the theatre which sheltered Mr. Waldengarver, Dickens's knowledge is detailed and remarkable.

" His mourning 'at is unfortunately made so small as that the weight of the black feathers brings it off, try to keep it on how you may." (Chapter XXVII.) The mourning hat with the feathers in it was an accepted item of any Hamlet's costume. The poignancy of Joe's remark lies in the fact that, traditionally, Hamlet knocked his hat off, as a token of terror and amazement, when he saw the ghost. It is painful to realise that Mr. Wopsle's great moment had been spoiled by several premature uncoverings.

The dusting of the fingers on a kerchief was once a well-known piece of business in the graveyard scene, and the disordered stocking was an acting tradition of considerable antiquity—a formal representation of Ophelia's report upon Hamlet,

> his stocking fouled,
> Ungart'red, and down-gyvèd to his ankle.

Recalling that Charles Kean gave up this eccentricity in 1838,[1] Professor Sprague remarks that the retention of it by Mr. Wopsle " was presumably out of loyalty to the customs of his youth."[2] This is a misconception. The theatre of Wopsle is not the theatre of 1860 but of 1844-45. The Waldengarver Hamlet could not have been more than seven years later than Charles Kean's—and seven years is a short time in which to lose completely a tradition of such antiquity. Professor Sprague has himself drawn attention to an actor, at the Marylebone theatre, in 1847, who was criticised for adhering to the tradition of the ungartered stocking[3]—and 1847 is two years later than the latest date of Mr. Wopsle's performance.

Everything about the theatre in *Great Expectations* is a tribute to the famous and remarkable memory of Charles Dickens. Except for the picture on the bill, which is probably a memory of the Britannia bill of the 'fifties, all the evidence correctly converges on the eighteen-thirties and 'forties. The red bills in the Enthoven Collection range between 1832 and 1848; the picture of the Grecian Saloon is dated 1838; and the heyday of the Pantheon was exactly in the Wopsle period. Mr. Wopsle followed the tradition of the disordered stocking, which was not in decline

[1] " It is literally a relief to see a Hamlet not resorting to the vulgarism of having a stocking dangling at his heel to prove the distemper of his mind." Bunn, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p.p 9-10.
[2] Arthur Colby Sprague, *Shakespeare and the Actors*, 1945, pp. 163-4.
[3] *The Stage Business in Shakespeare's Plays: A Postscript* (printed for the Society for Theatre Research, 1954), p. 20.

until after 1838. Ophelia's burying of her white muslin scarf is less well known, but this, too, has been identified as a successful piece of business at a Covent Garden production of 1826. No doubt it was widely copied for some years afterwards.[1]

Even the naval play that Pip saw on his second visit to the theatre (Chapter XLVII), in which Mr. Wopsle appeared as "a great power direct from the Admiralty," is a just description of that nautical melodrama which was at the height of its fame in the 'twenties, 'thirties, and 'forties.[2] The Jolly Jack Tar theme provided the story of hundreds of plays in the British Theatre between 1760 and 1860.[3] In all of them the sailor hero triumphed over the dark-complexioned swabs who endeavoured to entangle him, and he always spoke a salt sea jargon which Dickens has suggested in the boatswain's allegation that the swab's heart was "as black as his figure-head,"[4] and in his amiable desire to take Mr. Wopsle "by the fin."

Mr. Wopsle presented the boatswain with a Union Jack. This joke has a sound pedigree. Gilbert A'Beckett in *George Cruikshank's Tablebook* (1845) recorded exactly the same ritual in his portrait of the Stage Sailor. "At the close of his exploits it is customary to bring in the Union Jack (nobody knows why it is introduced or where it comes from) and to wave it over his head to the air of 'Rule Britannia'." A'Beckett also agreed with Dickens on another small point. Mr. Wopsle was shoved aside into a dusty corner in order to permit the dancing of a hornpipe. "When at sea," observes A'Beckett, "though only a common sailor, the stage tar is the most important personage in the vessel; and the captain frequently retires to the side of the ship—sitting probably on a water-barrel—in order to leave the entire deck at the service of the tar, while he indulges in a naval hornpipe."

The hornpipe, the dark-complexioned swab, the honest tar, the Union Jack, and "the great power direct from the Admiralty" were all to turn up, years later, in *H.M.S. Pinafore* (1878). And the curious thing is that, if they were to be resurrected again at this moment, the audience would fully comprehend the joke, so deeply has the melodrama left its impression on the national mind. Not one person in a hundred has ever seen a melodrama, but the burlesque of melodrama is perfectly understood and enjoyed by everybody.

The nautical drama was followed by a pantomime—a combination which Dickens must have met many times. For instance, a Surrey theatre bill for December 26th, 1836, proclaimed "The favourite Nautical Drama," *My Poll and my Partner Joe* followed by *Harlequin and Lady-Bird's Bower*; another for January 1st, 1838, "The favourite Nautical Drama," *Wapping Old Stairs*, followed by *Alonzo and Imogine* and after that *Harlequin and Old Dame Trot*; and another for January 25th, 1858, a "New & Original Nautical & Domestic Drama," *Perils by Land & Wave*, followed by "the Grand Annual Surrey Christmas Pantomime,"

[1] Sprague, *Shakespeare and the Actors*, p. 172.

[2] *The Pilot*, by Edward Fitzhall, was produced in 1825; *Black Ey'd Susan*, by Douglas Jerrold, in 1829; *My Poll & My Partner Joe*, by J. T. Haines, in 1835.

[3] The history of the Jolly Jack Tar joke has been recorded in the author's *The Burlesque Tradition in the English Theatre after* 1660, 1952.

[4] "Figurehead," for "face," appears several times in *Black Ey'd Susan*.

Queen Mab or Harlequin Romeo and Juliet—in which the part of Juliet was played by a man.

Dickens's description of the pantomime is disappointingly brief but not without interesting points. The scene in which Mr. Wopsle was " engaged in the manufacture of thunderbolts in a mine, and displaying great cowardice when his gigantic master came home (very hoarse) to dinner "—is that dark scene with which all pantomimes at one time were used to begin. Dickens wrote of " the deep gloom of the opening scene " in his preface to *The Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi*. A mine would have been just the place for Mr. Wopsle's dark magic. Even to-day any pantomime with a real sense of tradition begins with a mysterious prologue.

The Genius of Youthful Love is our old friend, the Fairy Queen, and the " parental brutality of an ignorant farmer who opposed the choice of his daughter's heart " is a reference to the basic plot of every ancient pantomime. The heroine became Columbine and the hero Harlequin and, before the story could end happily, they had to be opposed, pestered and chased by Pantaloon (formerly the crusty parent) and Clown, who was usually his servant.

Mr. Wopsle's ascension into the clouds is an example of the elaborate devices of the pantomime, even in an unimportant theatre; but as Pip did not come out of the theatre until another hour had passed, it would not have been a part of the grand transformation scene, which, at that date, came at the end. If only Dickens had not been deeply engaged with his own plot at this juncture, he might have delighted and enlightened all students of the theatre by a description of that great moment. He could not tell that future generations would be so eagerly interested in an entertainment that to him was so familiar and so deliciously absurd.

BROADSTAIRS DICKENS FESTIVAL

This annual festival, held by the Broadstairs Branch of the Fellowship, was this year gayer and more attractive than ever.

The Garden Party at Bleak House was a great success. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eade, the excellent hosts, having done everything possible to ensure it.

Gladys Waterer's brilliant adaptation of *Pickwick* was played each night to a full house. The players, one and all, are to be congratulated on the performance. I have not seen a more convincing Jingle. The bland Pickwick, the lovelorn Tupman, the phlegmatic Fat Boy, especially the difficult part of Rachel, were all much to be praised, but it is unfair to mention a few where all were so good, and maintaining such admirable pace.

One day, very amusing letters written by Dickens about Broadstairs were read by Miss Waterer and Mr. J. B. Reed in Pierremont Hall. There was a coach tour to Canterbury and a walk around Broadstairs with Mr. Reed. An afternoon for the children at the Bandstand and a final enthusiastic night of the Play brought the successful week to a close. G.C.M.

THE MODERN TONE OF CHARLES DICKENS

By Jean McClure Kelty

Past critical opinion for the most part echoed George Eliot's early summation of Charles Dickens, " We have one great novelist who is gifted with the utmost power of rendering the external traits. . ."[1] Recent scholarship is beginning to question such a generalization and has re-searched the works of Charles Dickens with new eyes. The search has been most rewarding,and has partially restored the prestige of Dickens in an age when external writing has gone out of fashion. Apparently no one has recognized, however, the paradox of the great " externalist " who stylistically foreshadowed the stream of consciousness type of writing. No one, to my knowledge, has discussed the instances where Charles Dickens withdraws and allows one character to perceive in the immediacy of the experienced moment. This paper attempts to demonstrate that Charles Dickens employed clearly the extreme stylistic devices which James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson and Virginia Woolf were later to regard as their exclusive contribution.

For the purpose of this paper I shall employ the term " stream of consciousness " to denote, not a technique, but a type of novel. Within the scope of any such novel there can exist one or two or all of the following techniques: internal analysis which presents the level of reason, interior monologue which transcribes the ordering of sensation and sensory impression which renders pure perception.[2]

It is not surprising that Dickens should have used internal analysis. The novel was coming of age within the Dickens era, maturing from the picaresque meanderings of a Tom Jones to represent an expression of character development. Internal analysis provided the first logical move in this direction. Actually an extension of the method of dramatic soliloquy which is based on the premise that a character is more interesting if we can know from time to time the thoughts that are in his mind, internal analysis attempts to provide for the reader a knowledge of a character's mind as he reasons with circumstance. The device as used sparingly and awkwardly in its early stages today seems primitively conservative. It is however, the first rung of a ladder on which ultimately the author, like Joyce in *A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man*, would stand, " within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence . . ."

Nicholas Nickleby was basically a picaresque novel. Nicholas does not change; only his environment is altered as the novel progresses. Yet even in this very early work, Dickens attempted to reveal at the times the interior of Nicholas's mind.

> As he hurried through the streets to his obscure lodging, seeking to keep pace, as it were, with the rapidity of the thoughts which crowded upon him, many doubts and hesitations arose in his mind, and almost tempted him to return. But what would they gain by this? Supposing he were to put Ralph Nickleby at defiance, and were even fortunate enough

[1] George Eliot, " The Natural History of German Life," *The Works of George Eliot*, XI (Philadelphia, n.d.), p. 161.

[2] Cf. Melvin Friedman, *Stream of Consciousness: A Study in Literary Method* (New Haven, 1955), p. 3, and Robert Humphrey, *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel* (Berkeley, 1954), p.4.

> to obtain some small employment, his being with them could only render their present condition worse, and might greatly impair their future prospects; for his mother had spoken of some new kindnesses towards Kate which she had not denied. "No," thought Nicholas, "I have acted for the best."

It is evident from this passage alone, however, that the author is never far removed from the picture. To illustrate the point it may be well to quote a similar passage from George Meredith:

> But already he had begun to regard the deed as his excutioner. He dreaded meeting Clara. The folly of having retained her stood before him. How now to look on her and keep a sane resolution unwavering? She tempted to the insane . . . He had it as a dagger in his breast, his pride was his misery. But he was too proud to submit to misery. "What I do is right." He said the words and rectitude smoothed his path, till the question clamored for answer: Would the world countenance and endorse his pride in Laetitia? At one time, yes. But now? Clara's beauty ascended, laid a beam on him.
>
> (*The Egoist*, New York, 1897, p. 297.)

Here, as in Dickens, the character's thoughts are represented in logical, organised speech context. In Meredith, however, there is a noticeable clipped compression which creates the illusion that the novelist has withdrawn and the mind of his character stands exposed. Dickens renders no such illusion. (Note that Dickens even finds it necessary to interject "thought Nicholas") As late as *Great Expectations* Dickens seems unable or unwilling to control the medium of internal analysis in order to create the sensation that the reader is at one with his character:

> It was horrible to think that I had provided the weapon, however undesignedly, but I could hardly think otherwise. I suffered unspeakable trouble while I considered and reconsidered whether I should at last dissolve that spell of my childhood and tell Joe all the story. (Cpt. XVI)

We are told by an ever present novelist the thoughts that were in the mind of Pip at a past time; we are given no vision of Pip's mind exposed during the thought experience itself. In *Great Expectations* internal analysis is little changed from the earlier and less artistically-controlled *Nicholas Nickleby:*

> My guardian lay at the Boar in the next room to mine. Far into the night, Miss Havisham's words . . . sounded in my ears . . . Then, a burst of gratitude came upon me, that she [Estella] should be destined for me, once the blacksmith's boy. Then, I thought if she were, as I feared, by no means rapturously grateful for that destiny yet, when would she begin to be interested in me?
>
> (*Great Expectations*, Cpt. XXIX)

But though Dickens seldom effectively used the device of internal analysis—that conventional first step toward limited point of view—he did employ the more extreme techniques of interior monologue and sensory impression. Through them, the characters of Charles Dickens take on a third dimension and his style assumes

a tone which foreshadows the experimentations of the twentieth century.

Three times in *David Copperfield*,—David's first idealistic romance, David's first drunken indiscretion and David's marriage day—Dickens, perhaps finding the sharply organized plotted form too restricting for his purpose, moved into interior monologue. " Somebody was smoking. We were all smoking. I was smoking, and trying to suppress a rising tendency to shudder . . . I was very pale in the looking glass; my eyes had a vacant appearance; and my hair—only my hair, nothing else—looked drunk." (Cpt. XXIV). The stylistic overtones of such a passage are modern. They suggest a much later work, William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, in both mood and intonation, " Through the fence between the curling flower spaces I could see them hitting. They took the flag out and they were hitting."

Earlier in *David Copperfield* we had been introduced to such a technique, as David recalls his school days, "the silent gliding on of my existence." " Why do I secretly give Miss Shepherd twelve Brazil nuts for a present, I wonder ? They are not expressive of affection; they are difficult to pack into a parcel of any regular shape; they are hard to crack, even in room doors, and they are oily when cracked." (Cpt. XVIII.) Youthful love becomes then not an excuse for chronological narration and analysis by the author. Rather the intangibility of the love emotion is reproduced in the immediacy of its very realization, identified with twelve Brazil nuts. " Once, I kiss Miss Shepherd in the cloak-room. Ecstasy! What are my agony and indignation the next day, when I hear a flying rumour that the Misses Nettinghall have stood Miss Shepherd in the stocks for turning in her toes !" The novelist has submerged himself and the reader is at once with David, " A moment, and I occupy my place in the cathedral," and we are in the cathedral in the personage of David smelling " the earthy smell, the sunless air, and the sensation of the world being shut out," hearing " the resounding of the organ through the black and white arched galleries and aisles." (Cpt. XVIII). While we dwell in this realm of sound and color and light, we are transported to a sphere where we feel but do not think. This, then, represents the distinction between internal analysis and interior monologue. The former technique presents the feeling of its characters, but always filtered through the understanding. By contrast, interior monologue attempts to render that midway point in experience where human consciousness remains suspended between perceiving and understanding:

> Of our kneeling down together, side by side, of Dora's trembling less and less, but always clasping Agnes by the hand; of the service being got through quietly and gravely; of our all looking at each other in an April state of smiles and tears when it is over; of my young wife being hysterical in the vestry, and crying for her poor papa, her dear papa. (Cpt. XLIII).

In three chapters of *David Copperfield* Dickens does not stand, the ever-observing and commenting novelist, between his character

and his reader, but retires to the shadows. The result is a peculiar feeling of immediacy which replaces the hovering and filtering voice of the novelist and substitutes the wavering, sometimes incoherent consciousness of a principal character. This stylistic shift is recognizable as directly related to the stream of conscious development in the novel form. Dickens himself seemed to sense that he had transcended the bounds of accepted "story-telling." for he adds at the conclusion of Chapter XLIII, "I have stood aside to see the phantoms of those days go by me. They are gone, and I resume the journey of my story."

It is more than a little ironic that a critic for the *Prospective Review* in 1851 recognized in *David Copperfield* a quality which we today largely disregard:

> It is in truth a very fine specimen of constructive skill. Complicated as the story is, and numerous as are the characters, all flows naturally from the mouth of the narrator, never leaving us to wonder how he got his information . . .Wonderfully well has the author succeeded in identifying himself with his principal personage. Every line is colored with the hues of memory . . .

Sensory impression takes the final step in the limited point of view in that it strives to express perception alone—sharp, pure and unhampered. Since this technique is the furthest removed from the level of consciousness and since its extreme application produces the effect of unselected, incoherent prose, it is especially surprising that we should find Dickens a pioneer in its use. There are examples, however, that clearly predict the technique, long an accepted component of poetry, in most of the later works of Charles Dickens. In *Bleak House* a sort of omniscient mind perceives:

> Implacable November weather, As much mud in the streets, as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full grown snow-flakes—gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs, undistinguishable in mire . . . Fog everywhere . . . (Cpt. I)

In *Great Expectations* we move to the limited impressions of Pip:

> The closet whispered, the fireplace sighed, the little washing-stand ticked, and one guitar-string played occasionally in the chest of drawers. At about the same time, the eyes on the wall acquired a new expression, and in every one of those staring rounds I saw written, DON'T GO HOME. (Cpt. XLV)

The device is, in actuality, interior monologue carried to its furthermost point. Its use involves the selection of extreme metaphors and similes, detached, often vague references which create surrealistic effects and give the reader the impression that he has tapped the mind of a character during the process of perception. Of sensory impression Friedman in *Stream of Consciousness: A*

Study in Literary Method says, " Unlike interior monologue and internal analysis, it is almost always fragmentary, never to my knowledge used throughout an entire work. Perhaps this is because the mind, remaining almost completely passive, records only the least digested impressions—often rendered aesthetically as poetic images." (p. 7). Passivity of the mind is an important facet of sensory impression and the result, in Dickens as in its later application, is often a clearly defined prediction of expressionism:

> A bell with an old voice—which I dare say in its time had often said to the house, Here is the green farthingale, Here is the diamond-hilted sword, Here are the shoes with red heels and the blue solitaire,—sounded gravely in the moonlight, and two cherry-coloured maids came fluttering out to receive Estella. The doorway soon absorbed her boxes, and she gave me her hand and a smile, and said good-night, and was absorbed likewise. (*Great Expectations*, Cpt. XXXIII)

As Dickens had written that the young Pip " was dusty with the dust of the small coal," (Cpt. XIV) so he wrote of Pip, older and chastened:

> I confounded impossible existences with my own identity; that I was a brick in the house wall, and yet entreating to be released from the giddy place where the builders had set me; that I was a steel beam of a vast engine, clashing and whirling over a gulf, and yet that I implored in my own person to have the engine stopped, and my part in it hammered off . . . (Cpt. LVII).

Such isolated passages abandon the realms of the so-called Victorian novel and foreshadow the worlds of Molly Bloom, of Miriam Henderson and of Mrs. Dalloway. Dickens does not write here with the heavy hand of a novelist who is intent upon telling a story about a character and describes, therefore, the character's feelings. Dickens has momentarily stepped into that abyss of unidentifiable oblivion which later novelists were to make their habitual habitat, and has left the reader only his character's eyes with which to see. As a result, a remembered moment, as it were, is transformed into the stark realism of the fictional present. So long as a novelist tells a story all happenings tend to become past. It is only when the novelist steps aside that the reader is able to experience the immediacy of the given, the sensation of being a spectator to thoughts and emotions as they happen.

While other novelists of the latter nineteenth century were consciously transforming the English novel from stories of action to revelation of mind, Dickens effected a startling transition: he explored that realm of human experience which we now, from the elevation of our Freudian pedestal, call the subconscious. I think we are treading on safe ground to say that the new school was most occupied with artistry and Dickens was most occupied with life. The result was then readymade. The former, it would seem, explored the domain of internal analysis and achieved immediacy as a result. With Dickens, the immediacy came first as a more adequate expression of human emotion and interior monologue and sensory impression were in all likelihood mere by-products

of his search, " When at last I dozed," he wrote in *Great Expectations*, Chapter XLV, " in sheer exhaustion of mind and body, it became a vast shadowy verb which I had to conjugate, Imperative mood, present tense: Do not thou go home, let him not go home, let us not go home, do not ye or you go home, let them not go home. Then, potentially: I may not and I cannot go home: and I might not, could not, would not, and should not go home . . ." Here and in similar instances where Dickens refines himself out of existence, he effectively mirrored a tonal color which later fiction was to adopt as its hallowed aim and excuse for being. It is especially interesting that none of those later " internal " artists expressed any debt to this one Victorian who explored the limited point of view from the extreme, yet clearly defined vantage point of interior monologue and sensory impression.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Adapted and produced by JANE BACON,
Portland Hall, London, May 5th, 1961

Once again Mrs. Bacon has most skilfully adapted one of the novels for the use of the Dickens Fellowship Players, and most skilfully directed the production herself. It was voted one of the most enjoyable of the now lengthy series.

As we have come to expect from her, the stage version was a taut, workmanlike piece of adaptation, embodying the chief outlines of the story, which could have been easily followed by any one unfamiliar with the novel.

The company served its authoress splendidly. The opening owed much to the youthful Pip of Colin MacCabe, who played up capitally to the Joe of Albert Regan, an excellent piece of characterisation. William Varnals had a difficult rôle as Magwitch and he cleverly avoided too much emphasis on the early villainy and the sanctimonious, which would be easy at the end of the part. Vernon Fielder got his fine lines over in first rate style as Pumblechook, and the Biddy of Doris Day was one of the outstanding successes of the cast. Marjorie Bellwood was allotted the formidable part of Miss Havisham and acquitted herself most creditably. The other difficult rôle, Estella, was safe in the experienced hands of Betty White, who made her as charming and as heartless as Dickens intended her to be. She had an excellent Pip in Leonard White. The Mrs. Joe of Betty Watling managed not to be so vinegarish as some we have seen.

A feature of the production was the number of excellent doubles brought off by the company. Vernon Fielder, whose Pumblechook has already been commended, also played Jaggers. Vincent Sanders whose Wemmick was so good that one regretted having to miss his scenes with an absent " aged," also accounted for Mr. Hubble. Keith Havelock had a remarkable double in Herbert Pocket and Wopsle and a splendid job he made of both, while Philip Redman played the Sergeant and a police officer.

There remains to be praised Valerie Rhodes as the younger Estella and the Mrs. Hubble of Freda Regan.

The performance raised £30 15*s.* 0*d.* for the restoration fund for Dickens's Châlet.

WITH A BLUSH RETIRE

By Alan Walbank

One of the few things that could be enjoyed, without loss of social dignity, in the days of the Queen's widowhood at Windsor was that surprisingly recurrent Victorian occasion—death. That it was enjoyed can hardly be doubted, if only from the part played by death in the literature of entertainment: why will become clear later. From the prince of entertainers, Dickens, who always kept a finger on his public's pulse, to the lady who went on producing best-sellers " in the worst style of the present taste " until her sales reached two and a half million, the harrowing death-bed scene was a *sine qua non* for the popular novel. The lady in question, Mrs. Henry Wood, made up in length and frequency for what she lacked in histrionic intensity of treatment. One of her stories " The Shadow of Ashlydyat " featured as many as four full scale death-beds, while in another she managed to prolong the reader's anticipatory anguish for no less than eight successive chapters. Here, she introduced a Miss Nelly and her doll which had to be hushed and soothed in the child's arms before her long suffering father could go to his last sleep.

Besides the mortal occasion itself and the extraction from it of every drop of lachrymose sentimentality there were also the trimmings to enjoy. The demands of Victorian social status were for display: no one who could afford it was prepared to forego any item of mourning, with costumes in the newest fashion, black cloaks, black crape, black kid gloves, black-bordered handkerchief, coachmen in black gloves and hats, black bands and streamers, fastened on with black pins, black horses carrying black ostrich plumes on their heads and black palls on their backs, the elaborately moulded hearse also plumed with ostrich feathers, and the coffin in a black velvet housing with white borders. To those who couldn't afford it astute tradesmen offered the means of making at least an appropriate show. So James Spence & Co. offered Indiana Cloth, as looking of more value than twice its cost which was only 25 shillings for an 8 yard length, 44 inches wide, and drew special attention to the fact that Black Indiana made " an exquisite dress for deep or complimentary mourning." For other costumes it could, of course, be trimmed with plush, velvet, velveteen or watered or moiré silk, but aptly to the main point they did business from 77 St. Paul's Churchyard ! It will be recalled that in *Great Expectations*, Camilla Pocket found lasting fault with Matthew Pocket because he actually could see not the importance of the children's having the deepest of trimming to their mourning. " What can it signify so long as the poor bereaved little things are in black ?" said Matthew. To which Camilla replied " IT WILL NOT DO for the credit of the family " and insisted that without deep trimmings the family was disgraced. Tennyson, of course, gave the show away when at the end of " Enoch Arden " he wrote:

> " So past the strong heroic soul away.
> And when they buried him the little port
> Had seldom seen a *costlier* funeral."

Mid-Victorian epitaphs are notorious for their pomp, but in those commemorating young children, it was not unmixed with pathos, a mood to which Dickens faithfully subscribed.

Though there is nothing quite to match the pathos of these lines. perhaps, on Hannah Amys who died at three years old in 1836:

> "The cup of life just with her lips she prest,
> Found the taste bitter and declined the rest:
> Averse, then turning from the face of day,
> She softly sighed her little soul away."

Yet reading a tablet beside a green, moundless enclosure before Selby Abbey RESPECT THIS DISUSED CHOLERA BURIAL GROUND, one remembers with a pang the terribly high infant mortality rate that inspired such favourite sentiments as:

> " Those youthful buds, so young, so fair
> Call'd home by early doom,
> Just come to show what lovely flowers
> In paradise would bloom."

A local variant runs:

> " Yes, we were plucked when in the bud
> Just to our parents dear,
> Transplanted into Paradise,
> And bid to blossom there."

Thomas Hardy whose taste in church-yard musings leaned to macabre humour more often than sentiment could scarcely do better:

> " These flowers are I, poor Fanny Hurd,
> Sir or Madam,
> A little girl here sepultured,
> Once I flit-fluttered like a bird,
> Above the grass, as now I wave
> In daisy shapes above my grave."
> (Voices from things growing in a Churchyard.)

Hardy is prone to see things in a more prosaic light, as when some tearful mothers are squabbling over their children's graves and the removal of the flowers by one to another, he remarks:

> " But all their children were laid therein
> At different times, like sprats in a tin."
> (In the cemetery)

Instances from real life, however, show very similar results. Anyone who is seeking Brontë atmosphere in the rank, damp and crowded graveyard, where the stones leave scarcely a foot of passage between, under the windows of Haworth parsonage, may find just such a family of " sprats." Mary, aged one, Frank, aged two, Emily Jane, aged one, Emmeline, aged three, Joseph, aged two, and their mother, Sarah, aged 44, together with John at 21, and the father Isaac at 53, were all set down on one gravestone within a space of twenty years. From Haworth too, where so many Nancies and Emilies and Mary Anns seem to have survived only until four or five years old, comes this half-solace, half-lament:

" To us a grave, to her the groves
Where wells of life are springing:
To us the silence in the house,
To her the choral singing."

Dickens's personal attitude to infant mortality may be found in his letter of 13th June, 1855 to Mrs. Winter: he speaks of the " release from much chance and change," death as " beautiful in its serenity and peace," and of the " pretty creature " always as a child " in heaven."

When these are examples of the rule rather than exceptions in the pattern of mortality, it comes as no surprise that death figures frequently as a subject among the album pieces of the day. What more suitable than the contribution of a sonnet on the death of a child ?

" O lay her gently on her infant bier,
And shed fond tears, and weave a funeral wreath
Of the pale roses of the wintry year;
—Less lovely than the flower that fades beneath . . ."

Turn over a page or two of the blue, pink or green tinted leaves and you may find, perhaps a less happily phrased piece in commemoration of the loss of a steamship:

" Hark ! what a crash through the midnight gloom
What a shriek of sudden misery:
'Tis the voice of despair o'er the yawning tomb—
It tells of some dread calamity;
Death reigns there.

And the dance, and the song, and the laugh are o'er,
And the crew are calling dreadfully:
And amidst the wind and wild uproar,
Are maidens shrieking frantically.
Death reigns there.

And the bridegroom there and his lovely bride
Are clinging with sad fidelity;
And their mutual nuptial bed is the restless tide,
And their song is the shriek of agony:
Death reigns there."

No doubt the occasion would have also have its complement of dramatic steel engraving for pasting on the facing page.

As their descendants were soon to find, unconscious humour could often sabotage the Victorians' most impressive moments. No one who spends the occasional half hour in a country churchyard will fail to discover on some lichened headstone or flat worn slab an address of this sort:

" Stranger ! I leave it on this stone
Sin was the whole I call'd mine own,
My righteousness was freely given
By him who took my soul to Heaven."

Whatever its assumptions, the sentiment is unimpeachable. At times, however, the composer's touch was less sure. At a village not far from Haworth the verger will point out to you the ironic echo of:

"Sacred to the memory of
Jeremiah Phillip
of Bromley, late of Embsay,
who passed peacefully into the
Spiritual World, July 2nd, 1888
aged 55 years
Also of his beloved wife Mary
who entered the other life
February 22nd, 1892
aged 58 years."

To his credit and the critic's confusion Dickens, arch-exploiter of death's circumstance, brings *conscious* humour to bear on the subject. It is well known that he found his model in Cooling, Kent for that tombstone and five little stone lozenges which dominates the opening scene of *Great Expectations*. He had in fact reduced the number of names inscribed and the original stones by half in order not to set factual truth against credibility in fiction. If some of his characters' names have at times appeared highly improbable, there is another shock of recognition to meet in the same Dorset churchyard both Bessy Guppy and the Hardyesque Tamar Tubb. Could Dickens then, as a student of gravestones, also have found a model at Rochester for that wild epitaph composed by Mr. Sapsea for his wife?

ETHELINDA
Reverential wife of
MR. THOMAS SAPSEA,
AUCTIONEER, VALUER, ESTATE AGENT, &c.,
of this city.
Whose knowledge of the world,
Though somewhat extensive,
Never brought him acquainted with
A SPIRIT
More capable of
Looking up to him
STRANGER, PAUSE
And ask thyself the Question
CANST THOU DO LIKEWISE?
if not,
WITH A BLUSH RETIRE.

Self-important insistence on his own dignity at the expense of his spouse links Jeremiah Phillip of Bromley to Mr. Sapsea of Cloisterham. It was a common Victorian trait. Probably in real life he would have set on her gravestone the epitaph that one, William Trower, made for his wife Harriet,

"Who after an exemplary discharge
Of her various duties as
Wife, Mother and Friend
Departed this life 16th July, 1847."

" Discharge of her duties " has the true paterfamiliar ring.

But to many a wife the death of her husband must have come as an unacknowledged relief in similiar circumstances.

Occasionally the boot was on the other leg and a man who had aspired to marriage out of his class and perhaps lived to regret it reasserted his dignity via the epitaph he chose for his wife, So of Margaret Richardson, wife of Thomas Richardson, innkeeper of Appletreewick one may read:

" How loved, how valu'd once avail thee not,
To whom related and by whom begot,
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be."

What could a wife put up by way of reply ? This, from a heavy, dark stone in a neglected chapel yard comes as near to an oblique thrust as circumstance allowed:

" Now husband dear, my life is past
You faithful loved me to the last,
Grieve not for me, but pity take
On my poor children for my sake."

One recalls then the case of the stepmother !

Dickens as in so much else provided something special in his predilection for epitaphs. No one who has read *Little Dorrit* will be likely to forget how poor John Chivery marks the stages of his hopeless infatuation for that young lady by composing inscriptions for a tombstone in St. George's Church yard. First, in the days of some hope there is: " Sacred to the memory of JOHN CHIVERY, sixty years Turnkey, and fifty years Head Turnkey, of the neighbouring Marshalsea, who departed this life, universally respected, on the thirty first of December, 1886, aged eighty-three years. Also of his truly beloved and truly loving wife, AMY, whose maiden name was Dorrit, who survived his loss not quite forty-eight hours, and who breathed her last in the Marshalsea aforesaid. There she was born, there she lived, there she died." Then, when first hope was disappointed, a new inscription reads: " Here lie the mortal remains of John CHIVERY, Never anything worth mentioning, who died about the end of the year 1826, of a broken heart. Requesting with his last breath that the word AMY might be inscribed over his ashes, which was accordingly directed to be done By his afflicted parents." Later when Amy's and her father's fortunes seem to be at the lowest ebb, this becomes: " Here (lies) the body of John Chivery, who, having at such a date, Beheld the idol of his life, In grief and tears, And feeling unable to bear the harrowing spectacle, immediately repaired to the abode of his inconsolable Parents, And terminated his existence, by his own rash act." Finally, when young John learns that Amy is to be married to the chivalrous Arthur Clennam, he makes his last revision:

Stranger !
Respect the tomb of
JOHN CHIVERY, Junior
who died at an advanced age
not necessary to mention

He encountered his rival, in a distressed state
And felt inclined
TO HAVE A ROUND WITH HIM
But for the sake of the loved one,
Conquered those feelings of bitterness.
and became,
MAGNANIMOUS.

There are also numerous occasions in his novels when Dickens indulges the humorous-macabre notion of children playing among tombs. In the *Old Curiosity Shop* as Nell comes out from her " house " among the vaults of the old church she sees a group of children hiding from each other with laughing faces among the gravestones. " They had an infant with them, and had laid it down to sleep upon a child's grave, in a little bed of leaves. It was a new grave." Nell asks whose grave it is and one of the children answers that that is not its name: " it was a garden—his brother's." From that she goes on to talk with the sexton of gardens and graves also, and of his notched and worn sexton's spade. Earlier in the novel we have had the grimmer humour of a scene in a graveyard where a group of itinerant showmen—exhibitors of the pranks of Punch—have sought a quiet spot to make repairs to their Stage properties. One is engaged in binding up a small gallows with thread, while the figure of Punch himself, perched cross-legged on a tombstone seems "to be pointing with the tip of his cap to a most flourishing epitaph and to be chuckling over it with all his heart." In *David Copperfield* there is a similarly piquant contrast between the surroundings of the Undertaker, Mr. Omer and his lively grandchildren, one of whom dances upon the counter in his shop while his partner, Joram, is at work " on a gray one with silver nails, not this measurement "—the measurement of the dancing child—" by a good two inches." And, just when he has finished nailing up a coffin Joram steals a kiss from one of Mr. Omer's daughters.

From the humorous-macabre we come to the grotesque-macabre in *Edwin Drood* when we meet Durdles the maker of the gravestones and his diabolical urchin attendant, Deputy, who earns a halfpenny to pelt him home with stones if he catches him out drinking too late at night. Durdles, "surrounded by his work like a popular author," introduces John Jasper to his brother-in-law (a sarcophagus within the railing), the late Incumbent (a Reverend Gentleman's broken column,) the Departed Assessed Taxes (a vase and towel standing on what might represent the cake of soap) etc. Of the common folk that are merely bundled up in turf and brambles, as he says " the less said the better. A poor lot, soon forgot."

That this sort of dalliance with death's circumstance suited the Victorian public's taste is fairly clear from the way in which run-of-the-mill novelists also include such themes in their sensational popular works. A chapter, for instance, of some seven pages in *Victor and the Vanquished* by Mary Cecil Hay is entitled " Night-fall among the Graves " and introduces a young man seeking his

mother's nameless grave. In his search he notes and muses upon other graves and their inscriptions, the contrast between:

MAGDALEN

> This simple stone shall bear a simple line—
> Here lies a sinner saved by grave Divine.

and the elaborated phraseology of:

> Sacred to the memory of Christian Polivy and his wife Grace. The former substituted a temporal for an eternal existence on the fiftieth anniversary of his birth; the latter relinquished this transitory state, in the agreeable prospect of a superior one, on the identical day in the succeeding year.

One, whose irony struck him, since the husband to whom the farewell and the warning was addressed, had himself been buried only five days later, read:

> " Husband, farewell ! my life is past !
> I loved you well while life did last.
> Lord grant you joy where'er you are:
> Yourself prepare to follow me."

What stone mason changed " be " to " are " he wondered, and so lost the rhyme ? At length finding the nameless grave, as darkness falls, he lays his face upon it and whispers the one word "Mother " while all the passion of his restless heart is quieted, and the stars of heaven come out.

There were no doubt times when, in spite of the headstones, the crape hatbands, widows weeds and " bereavement violet ", death's decorum was difficult to maintain. Sometime the march of progress required a graveyard to be levelled and with it were levelled also all pretensions to human difference and righteousness. Hardy now turns what might have been pathos to deliberate bathos, when he pleads:

> " O Passenger, pray list and catch
> Our sighs and piteous groans,
> Half stifled in this jumbled patch
> Of wrenched memorial stones !
>
> We late-lamented, resting here,
> Are mixed to human jam,
> And each to each exclaims in fear,
> " I know not which I am !'
>
> The wicked people have annexed
> The verses on the good;
> A roaring drunkard sports the text
> Teetotal Tommy should ! . . .
>
> Here's not a modest maiden elf
> But dreads the final trumpet,
> Lest half of her should rise herself,
> And half some sturdy strumpet !"

(The Levelled Churchyard)

This surely is the supreme ironist's answer to those who thought that themselves and others, especially others, should always keep their proper stations—even in death.

Under " Hic Jacet " every generation writes its own epitaph. If the Victorians made more of mortality and sentiment than some that can be largely excused by their need to meet death as a regular family visitant, and to turn it into a means of binding up instead of dissolving family ties. Decking their homes and persons for the visit was perhaps a distraction from its real significance, a semblance almost of welcome to an unbidden guest.

Or, as one of them wrote, after seeing the neighbours put their heads out of the window to gape and stare at the black array of mourning coaches, at the crape-scarfed mourners, at the long dark hearse with its nidding-nodding plumes that seemed endowed with a sort of ghostly life, it was " all silly paraphernalia with which we try to clothe in childish terms not his own our already sufficiently terrible victor."

At other times tears had to find relief through laughter.

Living over and over in fiction the anguish of death's approach and final moments prepared them for the actuality and partly supplied its anodyne. Dickens is the entrepreneur of both.

> " They are making our bed up in Heywood, love,
> Will you walk with me there and see . . ."

came to be the attitude as a (Norfolk) local poet took his wife to look at the new cemetery. For a parallel one has to go back a century or more to Lady Catherine Dyer's moving tombstone epitaph for her husband:

> " Draw, draw, ye closed curtains: and make room:
> My dear, my dearest dust: I come, I come."

When at length the Queen's long years of mourning drew to a close, when hygiene prevailed over typhoid and the accent on Life began to find favour again, it is symptomatic that even epitaphs shrink. One of the shortest and most effective may serve to sum up the conflicts of temperament and conduct of the whole era. It reads simply:

> Temperance Wild, died 1890:
> William Wild, died 1896.
> Their troubles are ended.

[1] The graveyard theme attracted also the Victorian painter. The title of Arthur Hughes's well-known picture, " Home from the Sea ", exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1863, was first " A Mother's Grave ". The sailor boy in it lies with hands clasped among the tombs of a meticulously-painted churchyard, done at Chingford in the summer of 1856. Another pre-Raphaelitish piece, " The Doubt ", by Henry Arthur Bowler, shows a lady leaning on a gravestone which is inscribed " Resurgam ": the title is connected with Tennyson's lines from " In Memoriam "

> I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
> And gather dust and chaff, and call
> To what I feel is Lord of all
> And faintly trust the larger hope.

In the painting the answer to the lady's unspoken question is indicated by a germinating chestnut on the grave slab. The inroads of the new theory of evolution into the old assumptions of religious faith provided another reason for Victorian preoccupation with the Death theme.

DICKENS'S COMPLEX PLOTS

By Archibald C. Coolidge, Jr.

DICKENS used complex plots to create contrasts in his novels. This practice made many of his books less unified than many modern works, but often developed a kind of impressionistic picture of his subject which was sophisticated and powerful. He was conscious of his practice and believed it revealed important aspects of life.

To understand how Dickens could embark on such a course without an elaborate artistic manifesto, one need only remember the literary tradition from which Dickens came. Smollett had said in the preface to *Ferdinand, Count Fathom* that a novel was " a large diffused picture." In that novel Smollett combined motifs which were picaresque, Gothic, sentimental, and melodramatic, and even in his other novels he mixed crime and sentiment and humour and adventure, as did Fielding and picaresque writers in general. Fielding talked in the preface to *Joseph Andrews* of his comic epic's being more " extended " and " comprehensive " than a comedy. These examples probably encouraged Dickens to produce complex plots. So did the use of stories including so much travelling. In addition, Smollett's and the Romantics' picture of the world as rather a disorderly place reinforced the eighteenth-century idea that one must capture the variety as well as the shape of life to be true to it. Hazlitt felt that an abstraction was always a short cut and said that life before the artist organised it was a " confused mass."[1] Many of Dickens's statements suggest the varied, confusing, complex quality of life. Forster mentions his " favourite theory as to the smallness of the world and how things and persons apparently the most unlikely to meet were continually knocking up against each other."[2] Some such belief must account for Dickens's lifelong love of miscellanies and for what Mr. Engel calls the " striking conjunction in the *Household Narrative* of lurid accounts of crime, accident, and disaster with book notes of a high order of seriousness."[3]

Fielding had advocated as much *surprise* as possible as long as one maintained truth of character (in *Tom Jones*, Chapter 1 of Book VIII and Chapter 1 of Book X). In Chapter 1 of Book V he had said that contrast was necessary to all beauty and art. Dickens's views are similar. As Mr. Engel says, he objected to a disagreeable character, saying it " wants relief " " to take 'the taste of him, here and there, out of the reader's mouth'."[4] " He cautioned Wilkie Collins about telling a 'story too severely,' and advised him to 'mitigate the severity of your own sticking to it' with 'comicality,' 'whimsicality and humour.' Anticipation was for him a kind of severity, giving away the outcome of the story too early and too surely, so that all that remained to do was a very mechanical working out of what had already been

1 William Hazlitt, " On Imitation," in W. J. Bate's anthology, *Criticism: the Major Texts* (New York, 1952), pp. 298-299. See also Bate's discussion of Hazlitt, pp. 287, 288, 291, esp. p. 291.
2 John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens*, ed. J. W. T. Ley (New York [no date]), p. 45.
3 Monroe Engel, *The Maturity of Dickens* (Cambridge, Mass., 1959), p. 10.
4 Engel, p. 19—source: *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, ed. Walter Dexter (Bloomsbury-Nonesuch 1938), III, 393 (1864).

made inevitable . . ."[1] "The objection to anticipation appears repeatedly."[2] He objected to a number in which Miss Martineau was "'grimly bent upon the enlightenment of mankind'" [a phrase which many widely admired novels should have printed across their jackets].[3] He found Mrs. Gaskell's careful, steady *North and South* "'wearisome in the last degree'."[4] He disliked "wire-drawn" plots of the kind Collins sometimes produced, hated suspense, and liked a mixture of sweet and sour, sad and joyful, pathetic and comic.[5] He found "the construction of *The Moonstone* 'wearisome beyond endurance,'"[6] though at one point he expressed admiration for Collins's combination of "'invention and power, both humorous and pathetic'."[7]

The mixture Dickens liked is even clearer in his remarks upon one of his own books. He wrote Forster before finishing the first number of *Dombey and Son*, "'I think *Dombey* very strong—with great capacity in its leading idea: plenty of character that is likely to tell and some rollicking facetiousness, to say nothing of pathos.'"[8] In another letter about that novel, after outlining a *general* plan, Dickens adds, "'So I mean to carry the story on, *through all the branches and off-shoots and meanderings that come up* [my italics].'" Later in that letter he speaks of Nipper and Toodles and Polly as "'what cooks call "the stock of the soup." *All kinds of things will be added* to it, of course.'"[9] Then, too, Dickens liked a fast pace and lots of events in a serial. Mrs. Gaskell and Meredith also associated these with the serial, incidentally.[10]

The mixture may have a biographical basis, too. Dickens's life was full of good fellowship, vacations, cheerful activities with his family or friends, and a lot of food and drink. The same was true of many other prosperous Victorians. Dickens's appeal to many of these minor pleasures is one secret of his success: much of life is rather trivial and trivial pleasures seem realistic and provide great variety.

The most obvious result of the cook's mixture theory is that most of Dickens's novels are at least superficially mixtures of several plots.

Dombey and Son is typical. *On a simple external level*, it is a mixture of several stories, Florence's, Walter's, Paul's, Dombey's, Edith's (the fact that Dickens usually looks over the shoulder of first one character and then another emphasises this fact). Thus in the thirty-one chapters of the first half of the novel, if we allow half for each where a chapter is about two people, we find

1 Engel, p. 19—sources: *Letters*, III, 282 (1862) and III, 125 (1859).
2 Engel, p. 20—sources: *Letters*, III, 303, 309 (1862) and III, 374 (1863).
3 Engel, p. 25.
4 Engel, p. 25—the sources of these last two remarks: *Letters*, II, 597-598 (1854).
5 See the discussion of Collins's and Dickens's ideas about plots in Earle Davis's "Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins," *The Municipal University of Wichita Bulletin* (Wichita, Kansas), number 16 (June, 1945).
6 Engel, p. 25—source: *Letters*, III, 660 (1868).
7 Engel, p. 25, note 78—source: *Letters*, III, 304 (1862).
8 Forster, p. 405.
9 Forster, pp. 472-473.
10 See W. C. Phillips, *Dickens, Reade, and Collins, Sensation Novelists* (New York, 1919), pp. 84-85; G. Grubb, "Dickens' Pattern of Weekly Serialization," *ELH* (Baltimore), IX (1942), 142, 144-146, 153. See also A. B. Hopkins, *Elizabeth Gaskell, Her Life and Works* (London, 1952), pp. 136, 145, 147, 150, 155, and Royal Gettmann, "Serialization and Evan Harrington," *PMLA*, ed. W. R. Parker (New York), LXIV, number 5 (December, 1949), 963-975, esp. 968, 969, 974.

a chapter by chapter outline[1] of the novel shows that there are seven chapters about Paul, six about Walter, five and a half about Florence, four and a half about Dombey (about a *seventh* of the space, despite the fact that the general plan of the book makes Dombey clearly the main character),[2] two about Carker, two about Bagstock, one and a half about Edith, and one each about Cuttle and Miss Tox. Taken as a whole, the book combines two Cinderella stories (Florence's and Walter's), a reform story (Dombey's), a parallel to Little Nell's decline (Paul's), a sympathetic near-adultery (Edith's).

Martin Chuzzlewit, when *examined chapter by chapter*, proves to be a mixture of at least three stories, young Martin's reform, Pecksniff's hypocrisy and exposure, Jonas Chuzzlewit's murder and capture. *David Copperfield* combines David's boyhood terrors, the Steerforth-Emily plot, the Dora-Agnes-David love affair. The other novels are similar; the separate plots unlike some of those in *Dombey and Son*, are in the loosest novels concerned simply with different groups of people as in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Little Dorrit*, *Our Mutual Friend*, *Edwin Drood*. Sometimes it is loosely related events that are the subjects of different parts of one book. Thus *Pickwick Papers* is virtually a collection of short stories about the same characters. In *A Tale of Two Cities* Lorry's getting Dr. Manette, Darnay's trial for treason, Carton's rescue of Darnay, one by one, take up the different parts of the book. *Bleak House* is about two main events, Esther's discovery of her parentage and the murder of Tulkinghorn; at times each almost exclusively takes up the text. These separate plots often appear together in one instalment, but are never firmly connected by the plot.

Frequently the materials thus joined are purposely not suited to one another. Most of *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, and *David Copperfield*, and even of *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit*, *Great Expectations*, and *Our Mutual Friend*, is devoted to certain *domestic* events—the rising to fortune of young men or women, unhappy family relations, or love affairs with one reluctant partner. They are basically concerned with situations within most readers' experience or with limited extensions or projections of such experiences, though in details many have been intensified until as in *Dombey and Son* they are sensational. Yet *sensational* material is also *added* to each book. Sensational events are merely extremely disorderly and disconnected ones employing the romantic contrast of familiar, domestic routine and the unusual. They are found in these books as follows: in *Nicholas Nickleby*, the Yorkshire schools, Ralph Nickleby's exposure of Kate to Hawk, the suicide; in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, Quilp and the framing of Kit; in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Tigg's swindles and his murder; in *Dombey and Son*, the shipwreck, Gills's search for Walter, Carker's death, Dombey's bankruptcy; in *David Copperfield*, Steerforth's seduction of Emily and Heep's swindling Wickfield; in *Bleak House*, the murder of Tulkinghorn; in *Little Dorrit*, the mystery of the senior Clennams

[1] There is a set of chapter by chapter outlines for all of Dickens's novels in my Ph.D. thesis "Serialization in the novels of Charles Dickens." (Available through University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan.)

[2] John Butt and Kathleen Tillotson, *Dickens at Work* (Fair Lawn, New Jersey, 1958), pp. 95-96.

and Rigaud; in *Great Expectations*, Orlick's deeds of violence; and in *Our Mutual Friend* the deaths of Headstone and Riderhood and of Hexam and the second and the third wills of Harmon. Only the murder of Tigg in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the death of Carker in *Dombey and Son* are executed with power, though the main sensational aspect of *Great Expectations*, the Magwitch part of the story, is well handled, and there is no unnecessary dwelling on what crimes Magwitch committed; all is selected and shaped according to its relation to the book's central problem.

Perhaps the tameness of Dickens's love stories (often the climaxes of his domestic plots) is one reason for these additions, which cause changes or breaks of varying degrees of importance in the moods of the novels. It is noticeable that *Pickwick Papers*, which is largely about odd sides of common events and has its unrelated sensational additions in inserted tales, has a unity of mood matched only by *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*. Sometimes Dickens substitutes for or adds to the mixture of plots a combination of writings about different subjects. *Oliver Twist* is about the poorhouse for several chapters, then about a small boy running, then about a gang of criminals. But many unrelated materials are added to these three subjects: the Monks business and the Maylie family. *Hard Times* is about the effects of Gradgrind's emphasis on facts and Bounderby's interest in money, but Dickens adds Sissy Jupe and her father's desertion and Stephen and his drunken wife, the unfriendly labour union, and so on. *Nicholas Nickleby* covers the Yorkshire schools as well as the fortunes of the Nickleby family.

In fact, in some books, the separation of subjects is so pronounced that there is a presentation of a subject which forms an almost detachable part of the book: real criminals in *Oliver Twist*, the Yorkshire schools in *Nicholas Nickleby*, the Gordon riots in *Barnaby Rudge*, America in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the French Revolution in *A Tale of Two Cities*. In two cases this special subject is confined almost entirely to certain instalments: 3 and 4 in *Nicholas Nickleby*, 7 and 9 and 13 in *Martin Chuzzlewit* (also little else is presented in these instalments). In many of the instalments of *A Tale of Two Cities* there is nothing but material on the French Revolution, though in some instalments this subject and the fortunes of the Manettes are mixed.

Even the lean weekly serials, which tended to have fewer characters, incidents, and plots (*The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Hard Times*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Great Expectations*) and even the novels near the end of Dickens's career employ the cook's mixture method. The first few chapters of *Hard Times* are a satire on an association little known in Dickens's own time called The Department for Practical Art, a satire which is over after the first scene and the first few chapters and is not mentioned or used again, although its subject is connected with the ideas of Gradgrind.[1] As for *Great Expectations*, we know from Dickens's own statements in his letters to Lever and Macready that he planned *Great Expectations* as a monthly serial (probably with

[1] K. J. Fielding, "Charles Dickens and the Department of Practical Art," *The Modern Language Review*, ed. C. J. Sisson and others (New York), XLVIII, Number 3 (July, 1953), pp. 270, 272, 274, 276.

expanded, multiple plots). Then he reluctantly began to write it as a *weekly* to prevent his magazine *All the Year Round* from going bankrupt (Charles Lever's novel *A Day's Ride* was destroying its circulation).[1] The use of the happy ending, although another was written, reminds us of Dickens's earlier plots. And his additions of the Orlick and Wemmick material are incipient extra plots. The more obvious use of the sprawling complex plot in his next novel, *Our Mutual Friend*, shows that he was in no way deserting the cook's mixture.

Edwin Drood may appear to lack " off-shoots," but the impression is misleading, for there are clearly many plot lines which are merely started when the book breaks off, though the mystery story seems well developed. Earlier, the plot lines all seemed subordinate to the mystery, which developed, but Rosa's story appears to have escaped subordination by the time the book breaks off.[2] Besides, Forster includes in his text a manuscript he discovered which contains an extra scene of *Edwin Drood*, detached from the rest of the story:

> . . . a scene in which Sapsea the auctioneer is introduced as the principal figure, among a group of characters *new to the story* [my italics] . . . perhaps . . . having become a little nervous about the course of the tale, from a fear that he might have plunged too soon into the incidents leading on to the catastrophe, such as the Datchery assumption in the fifth number (a misgiving he certainly expressed to his sister-in-law), it had occurred to him to open some fresh veins of character *incidental to the interest, though not directly part of it* [my italics], and so to handle them in connection with Sapsea as a little to suspend the final development even while assisting to strengthen it.

Forster quotes part of the notes to the first number of *Edwin Drood*: " ' Mr. Sapsea. Old Tory jackass. Connect Jasper with him. (he will want a solemn donkey by and by) [*sic*].' " Forster continues: " The scene now discovered might in this view have been designed to strengthen and carry forward that element in the tale . . ." The fragment is told by Sapsea in the first person. It is humorous and clever.[3] The fragment and the misgiving mentioned above are also proof that Dickens to the end of his life believed in elaborations of plot and loosely connected ones at that.

They are also proof that to the end of his life he allowed his stories to grow under his hand beyond his plans, a fact which may indicate another reason for Dickens's love of complex stories: they were easy to create using his method of planning and composition. Elaborate plots or picaresque plots with many different subjects fitted the serial. The nicely tailored and varied instalment was easy to make and was more effective when the contents of the story as a whole were thought of as elaborate and varied.

The cook's mixture pattern is so pronounced that the steady development of the plot found in many novels is virtually nonexistent. In fact it is not correct to talk of " the plot " at all, for there are several, none of which is developed steadily throughout

[1] Grubb, " Dickens' Pattern of Weekly Serialization," pp. 147-148, 151.
[2] The introduction of Tartar, with whom Rosa is enthusiastically associated, has little to do with the mystery or its cause in the love triangle, for Tartar is a *new* character.
[3] Forster, pp. 810 and 811-815 (which quote the additional passage entire).

the book. Suppose we follow Martin Chuzzlewit, Jr., and Pecksniff through *Martin Chuzzlewit*. They appear in the following instalments and chapters.

	Martin		Pecksniff	
	Instalment	*Chapter*	*Instalment*	*Chapter*
	2	5	1	2, 3
	3	6, 7	2	4
	5	12	3	6, 8
	6	13, 14, 15	4	9, 10
	7	16, 17	5	11, 12
	9	21, 22, 23	8	18, 19, 20
	13	33, 34, 35	10	24
	16	43	12	30, 31
	18	48, 49, 50	13	35
	19	52, 53	16	43, 44
			19	52
Totals	10 out of 19	21 out of 54	11 out of 19	19 out of 54

Martin Chuzzlewit, Jr., is the closest thing to a main hero the book has. Pecksniff is clearly one of the main villains. Similarly, Esther in *Bleak House* appears in 14 out of 19 instalments and in 33 out of 67 chapters. In the weekly serials the tendency of characters to appear and disappear in successive instalments is more pronounced, because there are fewer chapters to each instalment.

	Nell		Quilp	
	Instalment	*Chapter*	*Instalment*	*Chapter*
	1	1	3	3, 4
	2	2	4	5
	3	3	5	6
	4	5	7	9
	5	6	8	11
	7	9	9	13
	8	11, 12	13	21
	10	15, 16	14	23
	11	17, 18	16	27
	12	19	20	33
	14	24	24	41
	15	25, 26	28	48, 49
	16	27	29	50, 51
	17	28	35	62
	18	29, 30	38	67
	19	31, 32		
	25	42, 43		
	26	44, 45		
	27	46		
	30	52, 53		
	31	54, 55		
	40	71		
Totals	22 out of 41	32 out of 73	15 out of 41	18 out of 73

The other serials with lean instalments are similar in this respect.

Since in Dickens's novels each important character has a sort of plot of his own, which sometimes joins or crosses that of one or more other important characters, the result is a sort of weaving in and out of several stories at once and a constant stopping of one plot and starting of another. This is sometimes less true at the start of one of the novels, but, once a book was well under way, Dickens was able to pick the plot lines, tiny advances of which could produce the most interesting new chapters and instalments. All he had to do was to think of a few interesting events which would advance some of his plots a little and his middle instalments were almost done.

This shifting involves changes of time. While the individual plot threads are usually developed chronologically, the threads often overlap each other. The shifting also involves changes in point of view, for, although Dickens uses a sort of omniscient-author point of view, he is usually omniscient only about one plot thread at a time. He looks over the shoulder of the most important character in each sub-plot, and, when he changes sub-plots, he changes observation posts.

In regard to this shifting point of view, Mr. Boege says "Few writers . . . have put the first-person method to more varied uses. . . . In dozens of extended passages he limited his power of omniscience to a single character, selected for the nonce with almost Jamesian tact. Most sophisticated of all is his deliberate preservation of objectivity." Boege says Dickens uses all modern techniques of point of view and that his use points to an interest in the insides of people but often suggests only the outside (to the unprepared reader, I suppose).[1] Tolstoy praised Dickens, according to Ford, because one was never sure whether the "treatment" was "subjective or objective."[2]

The effect of all this shifting is often a form of impressionism.[3] We are shown in instalments 13 and 15 in *Bleak House* that Lady Dedlock has cause to fear Tulkinghorn; we are told in instalment 15 that she leaves her house late at night; we are told in instalment 15 that Tulkinghorn is killed; we fear that Lady Dedlock may be guilty; eventually in instalment 17 we learn that someone else is. We are shown Chester in instalment 6 in *Barnaby Rudge*, and his politeness and neatness and confidence make us think him a very pleasant and powerful gentleman. In instalment 7 we see him plan with Haredale to break off the engagement of their children by subterfuge and note his over-polite, but contemptuous treatment of Haredale, who appears to be an honest man, but his enemy. Our opinion of Chester changes for the worse: we feel that he is slick and crafty, but we make some allowances for him because he hates Haredale. And we feel that he is breaking off the engagement partly because he is an old-fashioned father and thinks he should be able to command his children. His position seems an honest one, however wrong. In instalment 9 we find that Chester is a complete wastrel and wants his son to

[1] Fred W. Boege, "Point of View in Dickens," *PMLA*, ed, W. R. Parker (New York), LXVI, number 2 (March, 1950), pp. 90-105, esp. 103-104.

[2] G. H. Ford, *Dickens and His Readers, Aspects of Novel-Criticism Since 1826* (Princeton, 1955), p. 215.

[3] See Ford Madox Ford's discussion in his *Joseph Conrad, A Personal Remembrance* (London, 1924), pp. 180-193, 207-210. Ford compares serial technique and impressionism on p. 207.

marry for money to restore the family fortune and that he does not really care about his son. In instalment 13 we find that the animal Hugh is in Chester's pay and that Chester controls and uses him completely coldly. The picture is now practically complete. Usually Dickens uses another method of characterisation: he tells us what a character is like all at once; but he also uses this method frequently. The Gordon Riots, also in *Barnaby Rudge*, Dombey's treatment of his daughter and his second marriage, the French Revolution (in *A Tale of Two Cities*), and the disappearance of Edwin Drood are perhaps the most important subjects which Dickens attempts to make us *feel* the depth and several sides of by this method. He fails in the first case; the story of the riots is in many places simply unclear; in fact *Barnaby Rudge* as a whole is a sort of travesty of the switching from plot to plot and lacks focus altogether. He succeeds in the others.

The switching back and forth from one plot or group of people to another is by no means always used for purely impressionistic effect. In *Great Expectations* it causes the reader to feel as if he were Pip growing up and having a *variety* of experiences. It gives a sense of the fullness of real life without destroying the shape of the story as a whole. Here then contrast and impressionism are combined. The shifting acts in the same way, though to a lesser extent, in the other stories of growing up—especially in *David Copperfield*.

Dickens was aware of the effects of his weaving plots. We have seen that he disliked the inevitable. He was confident about holding his public as long as his stories were semi-dramatic, for in talking of contemporary melodrama he said that the average man, though not much of a reader for many reasons, was able, when a thing was shown to him, as it were, to "unravel a story through all its entanglements."[1] Also there is evidence in *Oliver Twist* that the curious shifting of Dickens's attention from one person or group to another was something Dickens did quite consciously. He frequently comments in his early books on the fact that he does so,[2] and in one case at least he shifts in mid-chapter.[3] In *Oliver Twist* he says:

> It is the custom on the stage: in all good murderous melodramas: to present the tragic and the comic scenes, in as regular alternation, as the layers of red and white in the side of streaky, well-cured bacon. The hero sinks upon his straw bed, weighted down by fetters and misfortunes: and, in the next scene, his faithful but unconscious squire regales the audience with a comic song. We behold, with throbbing bosoms, the heroine in the grasp of a proud and ruthless baron: her virtue and her life alike in danger; drawing forth her dagger to preserve the one at the cost of the other; and just as our expectations are wrought up to the highest pitch, a whistle is heard: and we are straightway transported to the great hall of the castle: where a grey-headed seneschal sings a funny chorus with a funnier

[1] See Charles Dickens, "The Amusements of the People: I," *The Works of Charles Dickens* National Library Edition (New York [undated]), XVIII, I, 118-124.

[2] For example, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, I, 323 and II, 1, 40 or *Nicholas Nickleby*, II, 380. All references to Dickens's novels are to the Gadshill edition, ed. A. Long (London, 1897-1908, 1911).

[3] Chapter XII of *Oliver Twist*, p. 102.

body of vassals, who are free of all sorts of places from church vaults to palaces, and roam about in company, carolling perpetually.

Such changes appear absurd; but they are not so unnatural as they would seem at first sight. The transitions in real life from well-spread boards to death-beds, and from mourning weeds to holiday garments, are not a whit less startling; only, there, we are busy actors, instead of passive lookers-on; which makes a vast difference. The actors in the mimic life of the theatre, are blind to violent transitions and abrupt impulses of passion or feeling, which, presented before the eyes of mere spectators, are at once condemned as outrageous and preposterous.

As sudden shiftings of the scene, and rapid changes of time and place, are not only sanctioned in books by long usage, but are by many considered as the great art of authorship: an author's skill in his craft being, by such critics, chiefly estimated with relation to the dilemmas in which he leaves his characters at the end of every chapter: this brief introduction to the present one may perhaps be seemed unnecessary. If so, let it be considered a delicate intimation on the part of the historian that he is going back, directly, to the town in which Oliver Twist was born, the reader taking it for granted that there are good and substantial reasons for making the journey, or he would not be invited to proceed upon such an expedition in any account.[1]

In short, shifting is realistic. This sermon on the "art" of juxtaposing serious and comic material reminds us of his defence of the Fool in *King Lear*. Ford, by the way, says that Dickens taught Hollywood this alternating technique (though without the humour) and that it is still used to great effect.[2] In *Nicholas Nickleby* Dickens seems to have associated the abrupt shifting of scenes with unpredictability and romance instead of realism. Again half seriously, he says in *Nicholas Nickleby* as he comments on a play that a plot was "delightful . . . as nobody's previous information could afford the remotest glimmering of what would ever come of it."[3]

It is common for writers who feel that unity is always a good thing to do one of two things to Dickens. Either they dismiss his complex plots as hopelessly crude (as they sometimes are) and overlook his impressionism, or they attempt to deny the planned diversity of his plots altogether by overemphasising his undeniable symbolism. The ancient Greeks and the German Romantics had their own reasons for assuming unity was a good thing in a work of art, a man, a society; but do we need to be captured by their ideas? Or are English life and modern life in general marked at times by a diversity and unpredictability which Dickens is justified in making his art reproduce?

[1] *Oliver Twist*, pp. 146-147.
[2] Ford, p. 178.
[3] *Nicholas Nickleby*, I, 367.

THE METHOD OF *A TALE OF TWO CITIES*

By William H. Marshall

"KNITTED, in her own stitches, and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun." So Ernest Defarge describes the meaning which his wife imposes upon her art.[1] We are tempted at first to regard the words as a description of Dickens's method in *A Tale of Two Cities*, but in the novel the result is far more subtle than a private allegory. It is commonplace to recognize the popularity of this work, the difference between it and other Dickens's novels, and the successful use of what would usually be hackneyed devices, such as the opening with a lost-and-found scene, with which many novels close, and the closing with a switch of doubles, with which many open. Prolepsis and antithesis are characteristically associated with Dickens's method, but here we have a pattern involving the explicit and obvious use of these for structural purposes and the implicit and indefinite use for symbolic purposes. In the fusion of these we find the method of *A Tale of Two Cities*.

There are many obvious parallelisms in the novel, which because of the restricted number of characters, never become confusing or distracting. The contrast is explicit in the title, as in the opening chapter, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times" (I, i). Mr. Lorry's journey to Paris and his recall of Dr. Manette to life in the beginning of the story foretell the flight from Paris and the rescue of Charles Darnay toward the end. Darnay's one trial in London foreshadows the two in Paris. The first Book ends with Dr. Manette's release from prison and the Second with Darnay's beginning the journey that will lead him to prison. The differences are as obvious as the similarities in a comparision between Mr. Lorry's professional activities and Jerry Cruncher's other trade. Manette and Darnay, both Frenchmen, the principal persons "Recalled to life." present a kind of opposition which becomes comprehensible only as the story unfolds; and Lorry and Carton, the recallers to life, represent mutually exclusive areas in the British character. Dr. Manette and Sydney Carton are both concerned with fusing the split personality. And always there is present the comparison between the mob of London and the mob of Paris and, derivatively, between the few and the many.

These more easily recognized parallelisms are usually structural. that is, they are concerned with the action of the work and in themselves may frequently be meaningless. It is, however, those parallelisms which are part of the descriptions, the themes, and the moods of *A Tale of Two Cities*, those which are implicit in the work as an artistic creation, frequently possessing limited structural value, which give the work the basis of its appeal and its power. They are essential to the full meaning of the novel, but because of their nature and function—they constitute a complex of symbolism rather than sheer allegory—the full meaning is indefinite, elusive, and uncertain.

[1] *A Tale of Two Cities*, bk. II, ch. xv. Hereafter the numbers of the book and chapter will follow the citation in the text.

To pursue this line of criticism with regard to *A Tale of Two Cities* may be to suggest to many readers that Dickens is here more profound or complex—more "metaphysical" or "poetic"—in his meaning than they have been accustomed to admit. This is certainly not my intention, but it is apparent that many readers have sacrificed the image of Dickens as a thinking being and a conscious artist to the insistence on his commonplace practicality. They have confused the quality of the point of view, obvious and somewhat simple, which Dickens establishes for his readers, with the craft that he employs, subtle and at times complex, to develop such a point of view. Regarded objectively, *David Copperfield* may be taken to have a meaning, that simple goodness and intelligence ultimately bring happiness; or *A Tale of Two Cities* may convey the proposition that love conquers hate. Both are simple meanings, but their nature does not require that the method of projecting them, of constructing the novels through which they are presented, need also be simple. Reduced to a statement, the objective meaning of *A la Recherche du Temps perdu* or *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* may be quite simple, but few, if any, would suggest that the method of Proust or of Joyce is simple. The comment of Professors Wellek and Warren on the results of analysis of philosophic content is as applicable to novels as to poetry: "we frequently discover mere commonplaces concerning man's mortality or the uncertainty of fate."[1]

Such is the case of *A Tale of Two Cities*. The phrase "Recalled to Life," the title of the First Book, reveals at once that the novel is about the relation between life and death, that it embodies the rebirth theme. The developing situation involves the desire of a people for political and social regeneration, and the principal characters in the novel dramatize the means by which love alone can bring about rebirth. Dr. Manette is the first "recalled to life." Then Charles Darnay is once "recalled" from death under English Law and twice under French Terror. Throughout the novel the meaning of the phrase is implicit in incidents. Miss Pross discovers her brother alive, and even Madame Defarge is "recalled" in that she reveals herself as the one surviving member of the peasant family injured by the brothers Evrémonde. At all times life and death are juxtaposed to give the structure and meaning of the novel. Related to this juxtaposition is the antithesis between the worlds of reality and of dream—in the chapter "Echoing Footsteps"; in the reference to "the shadows of the actual Bastille thrown upon him [Dr. Manette] by a summer sun, when the substance was three hundred miles away" (II, iv); and in the picture of Darnay, alone in his cell, dreaming that he is home again and yet, when Carton comes to rescue him, incapable of accepting this situation as reality. In terms of the antithesis between reality and dream we grasp the significance of the silent interplay of eyes and hands in the action—the watching and the knitting—of Madame Defarge, for whom reality becomes not the world of flesh which she records in her work, but that record itself. The central dramatic parallelism of the work, the contrast-in-similarity between Charles Darnay and Sydney Carton, fuses

[1] René Wellek and Austin Warren, *Theory of Literature* (New York, 1956), p. 99.

the life-death and thence the reality-dream juxtaposition. " Indeed, I begin to think we are not much alike in any particular you and I," Carton remarks to Darnay after the English trial, the outcome of which arose from their apparent similarity (II, iv). Each represents what the other might have been. Carton admits to himself that he dislikes Darnay because " he shows you what you have fallen away from, and what you might have been !" (II iv). Carton dislikes the image of that with which in life he would but cannot identify himself, that which he can become only in death. The meaning of *A Tale of Two Cities* is concerned with irony, the perceived difference between essence and appearance, in this instance the coming of life from death.

The method of the novel, originating within but transcending the meaning, is the development of the life-death antithesis—with its implication that every object has its shadow and every being its alternate—into a pattern of images, whose value, though frequently structural, is always symbolic; but the significance of the symbol in any given instance is sufficiently inconclusive that the imaginative faculty of the reader, though stimulated to relate this symbol to others in the work, is not inhibited by a fixed allegorical equation. The method of the novel amplifies its meaning: we know that *A Tale of Two Cities* is about rebirth through death, the essential Christian paradox, but we cannot reduce to a simple statement all that it says about this.

The method is most obvious in the opposition between symbols of life and death. These usually take the form of images of food and of destruction. Early in the novel the mill is explicitly the symbol of the system that grinds people unto death rather than of the peaceful production of food; it foretells the appearance of both the grindstone, with which the instruments of slaughter are to be sharpened, and the guillotine itself. And at this same early point we learn that amid hunger, " Nothing was represented in a flourishing condition, save tools and weapons " (I v). In time, only the condition of the latter will be " flourishing." But for the moment ferment exists just beneath the surface: " the time was to come, when the gaunt scarecrows of that region should have watched the lamplighter, in their idleness and hunger, so long, as to conceive the idea of improving on his method, and hauling up men by those ropes and pulleys, to flare upon the darkness of their condition " (I v). In the ceremony of taking chocolate, " the leprosy of unreality disfigured every human creature in attendance upon Monseigneur " (II, vii). The fountain in the country recalls that in the town, and though both would ordinarily be symbols of life, each becomes a scene of death—in the city a child lies under the wheels of the carriage of the Marquis, and much later in the country the body of the murderer of the Marquis remains hanging on the gallows near the fountain. " It is frightful messieurs. How can the women and children draw water ! Who can gossip of an evening under that shadow !" remarks the mender of roads to Defarge and the three Jacques. " When I left the village, Monday evening as the sun was going to bed, and looked back from the hill, the shadow struck across the church, across the mill, across the prison—seemed to strike across the earth,

messieurs, to where the sky rests upon it !" (II, xv). And in time the shadow becomes reality of course, and the fire that destroys the chateau of the Marquis becomes so intense that "molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the fountain; the water ran dry" (II, xxiii). The massacre "was to set a great mark of blood upon the blessed garnering time of harvest" (III, i). During the second French trial of Darnay, Madame Defarge, looking on the face of the hated one who is to be condemned, is described as "feasting" (III, ix). And the tumbrils, instruments of death, are compared to plows as they cut through the crowds (III, xv). There are other examples, but in all instances the symbols of death seems to triumph over the symbols of life—only to give greater emphasis to the resolution of the work when it comes.

The most significant images of life and death are those of blood, wine, and stone. In the beginning the relation is indicated by the incident of the man writing the word *blood* with wine spilled on the stone before Defarge's shop. 'Is there no other place to write such words in?" Defarge asks (I, v). The question is rhetorical, and the answer lies in the remark of one of the three Jacques standing in the wine shop: "It is not often . . . that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of anything but black bread and death" (I, v). Wine is traditionally a beneficent symbol, the food for life, as blood is the sustainer of life; but when either is spilled, it becomes a maleficent symbol—of hate, waste, and death—and on this value rests much of the development of the method of the work. The wine mars the stone with what seems to be a death-like permanence, which will not yield to supposedly purifying force of water. Regarding the "terrestrial scheme." Sydney Carton remarks: "As to me, the greatest desire I have, is to forget that I belong to it. It has no good in it for me—except wine like this—nor I for it" (II, iv). His wine, explicitly red wine, recalls that spilled in front of Defarge's shop and foretells the fall of blood, the only means by which Sydney Carton can fulfill his death-wish, but also much more.

The image of stone is potentially the symbol of life, as in the stone used in a mill to grind grain; but through much of the novel stone symbolizes death, at times explicitly so, as in the report of the murder of the Marquis, "that there was one stone face too many, up at the chateau" (II, ix). In the description of the village at night, as the body of the murderer hangs from its scaffold, the life-death symbol as they have appeared to this point are brought together: "Chateau and hut, stone face and dangling figure, the red stain on the stone floor, and the pure water in the village well—thousands of acres of land—a whole province of France—all France itself—lay under the night sky, concentrated into a faint hair-breadth line" (II, xvi). The blood-wine relation is again explicit in the contrast between the security of Lucie's life in England and the threat to her happiness which the mob unconsciously prepares in France: "Now, Heaven defeat the fancy of Lucie Darnay, and keep these feet far out of her life ! For, they are headlong, mad, and dangerous; and in the years so long after the breaking of the cask at Defarge's wine-shop door, they are not easily purified when once stained red" (II, xxi). Defarge's shop

has become the center for the spilling of blood. The grindstone, anticipated by the mill and foretelling the guillotine in its lifeless substance and deathly function, is a kind of unifying central symbol; as two men turn at it, " some women held wine to their mouths that they might drink; and what with dropping blood, and what with dropping wine, and what with the stream of sparks struck out of the stone, all their wicked atmosphere seemed gore and fire "; in the silence, when the stone was again still, it " stood there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given and would never take away " (III, ii). And the blood of the daily group of her victims is " the day's wine to La Guillotine " (III, xv).

The association of blood and wine is probably archetypal but certainly, within the Christian tradition, orthodox. The Eucharistic suggestions should be quite apparent, despite a possible tendency to minimize the traditional element in Dickens's own background and in the culture in which he and his readers lived. But the use of these images as part of the action would seem to be ironic, for, in immediate appearances at least, the blood-wine correspondence portends evil—the stone remains stained. Man's evil, feeding on hatred, would seem to produce only further evil, and the journey into the shadow of death would appear to bring no rebirth. But for this thesis of action there is an antithesis of symbol, first suggested perhaps in the description of the calm that came to Dr. Manette following the emotional intensity of his reunion with Lucie—" emblem to humanity, of the rest and silence into which the storm called Life must hush at last " (I, vi)—and finally made fully explicit in the presumed thoughts of Sydney Carton in the moment before death. From the beginning of the work to the conclusion, despite all appearances, the meaning emerges, that ultimately good and love will destroy evil and hate. To state this as I have done is to recapitulate the essential teaching of Christian ethics, but it is also to repeat a cliché: it carries no more emotional force in itself than the mere assertion that Miss Pross possesses " the vigorous tenacity of love, always so much stronger than hate " (III, xiv); it is forceful only because it emerges from the story and, more significantly, from the scheme of images which become the symbols of redemption running through the novel.

Evil engenders evil; terror creates terror. In Defarge and his wife we find what has happened to France, what could happen to any nation, to any man: if we hate, we become what we hate. But eventually hatred, though intense, is self-destructive, and of this assertion the image of the rack is an emblem; " the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flints, and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that its purchase crumbled, and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite " (II, xxiii). Madame Defarge, to be destroyed by her own pistol, so surprises Miss Pross that the English lady drops the basin in which she has been washing her eyes, and it " fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge. By strange stern ways, and through much staining blood, these feet had come to meet that water " (III, xiv). In the opening lines of the final

chapter the narrator remarks, " Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms." And Carton, about to die, is presumed to foresee that in years ahead " this place " will be " fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement " (III, xv).

But before this, as he has resolved upon his plan, Sydney Carton, the man who would die rather than live but has had the compelling motivation to do neither, recalls the " solemn words, which had been read at his father's grave " but now have for him the meaning held only for the reborn: " I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die " (III, ix). Carton's need for real motivation to live and his wish to die have been apparent from the beginning, but now they are fused and to be fulfilled within the context made clear by the allusion. The " solemn words " are most familar perhaps in the service for the burial of the dead, but they are first those of Christ in *St. John* (xi, 25), spoken after Lazarus has been recalled to life; as the recall of Lazarus in the Gospel anticipates the resurrection of Christ and the salvation of Man, so the recall of Darnay through Carton's sacrificial death and the rebirth of the spirit of Carton prefigure the redemption prophesied in the final chapter.

The Christ-like image of Carton is now, though faint and uncertain, inescapeable, and—aware of the significance of the blood and wine imagery—we look backward and forward seeking signs. The guilt of Darnay is not really his own but, like Original Sin, that inherited which he himself cannot remove and from the effects of which he must be saved by one who, closely resembling him in his physical being, will take upon himself through his own death the burden of guilt. The guillotine has become for the people what the Cross was formerly: " It was the sign of regeneration of the human race. It superseded the Cross. Models of it were worn on the breasts from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was denied " (III, iv). But by his death Sydney Carton makes the guillotine in reality what the people imagine it to be. Carton is clearly the agent through whom good destroys evil. Motivated by love, he undoes what Madame Defarge, who has been moved solely by hatred, has wrought; finally, as she lies dead in Lucie's deserted apartment, Madame Defarge has by all her efforts brought about only one fact, the inevitable death of Sydney Carton, which has become to him psychologically and spiritually necessary. Like one of the Fates, Madame Defarge involves in her incessant knitting the symbols for individual men, but of their death rather than their lives. She does not think; nor does she feel outside of her one destructive motivation, and here she might be said only to react: she becomes a further agent in the series of evil causes and effects which she herself attributes to destiny. At first it might appear that her antithesis is Lucie, who loves what Madame Defarge hates, whose " weaving " with " the golden thread " of life (II, xxi) is in opposition to Madame's knitting, and whose Miss Pross, in fact, brings about the physical destruction of Madame Defarge. But her physical death is of no greater importance than that of Sydney

Carton considered in itself. It is Carton himself who is her real antithesis. He rejects the one temptation to destroy her by force—when she gives him directions from the wine shop and her hand is on his arm—and destroys the corruption in her spirit and all its evil effects by allowing her to destroy him in the flesh. Where she is seemingly impersonal, he is obviously personal; where she controls herself and her surroundings, he apparently lacks control of either; where she is strong, he is weak. But it is Sydney Carton by his sacrifice, rather than Madame Defarge through her revolution, who shows the way to achieve that to which the French nation in its violence, or all mankind in fact, aspires.

But we must face the implications of the symbolism. Is there an equation to Christ in the person of Sydney Carton at the time of his sacrifice? Has Dickens put the story of Christ in a social and psychological context? I think not. The implication permeates the symbolic structure of *A Tale of Two Cities*, but the equation is never specific. Nor was it meant to be, for in the very inconclusiveness of Dickens's use of symbols—rather than in a contrived and ultimately meaningless allegory, which would leave the reader no room for the work of the imagination—lies the source of the effect of the work. In the case of Carton it is not an equation to Christ but the allusion to Christ which is significant. Acting in the image of Christ, Carton is, in his splendid sacrifice, the representative of the best achievement in Man. Darnay in his good faith with an old servant and in his love for his wife and child is the model of the more normal though less dramatic good in Man, as indeed the misguided French people themselves might become following their struggle for bread rather than death.

But these statements come dangerously close to meaning, and the meaning of the novel seen as a simple formula we know well enough. It is the method which is the source for power in *A Tale of Two Cities*—the suggestive yet inconclusive use of interacting images, upon which are built the reader's tensions, expectations, and imaginings.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

Notes on Chosen English Texts (General Editor: Norman T. Carrington, M.A.).
A Tale of Two Cities } by T. W. Smith, B.A., J.P.
Great Expectations }
David Copperfield, by W. Eastwood, M.A., F.R.G.S.
Nicholas Nickleby, by T. A. Gardiner, B.A.
Hard Times, by I. L. Baker, B.A.
(Including Notes by Mr. T. W. Hill, published previously in *The Dickensian*).

" Charles Dickens as Verse Editor," by Arthur A. Adrian. *Modern Philosophy*, November, 1960.

" The Genesis of Jo the Crossing-Sweeper," by George J. Worth. *Journal of English and German Philology*, January, 1961.

" Dickens and the Railway," by Robin Atthill. *English*, Spring, 1961.

" Patterns of Communications in *Great Expectations*," by Ruth M. Vande Kieft. *Nineteenth Century Fiction*, March, 1961.

" *A Tale of Two Cities* and Gin-drinking," by George McCelvey. *Notes and Queries*, March, 1961.

" Queen Mab's Chariot Among the Steam Engines: Dickens and ' Fancy ',", by P. A. W. Collins. *English Studies*, April, 1961.

" Editing a Nineteenth Century Novelist: Proposals for an Edition of Dickens," by John Butt. *English Studies Today*,

" Dickens's Humor," by A. C. Coolidge. *Victorian News Letter*, Fall, 1960.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1960

1959.	LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
575	Life Membership Fund		574 17 6
833	Special Reserve		833 7 6
	Costume Department Fund—		
	Balance as at 31st December, 1959	161 4 5	
	Add: Excess of Income over Expenditure for year	20 14 2	
161			181 18 7
12	Unexpired Balance of Receipts for Charitable Purposes		11 7 3
	General Purposes Fund—		
	As at 31st December, 1959	427 9 11	
	Add: Sundry Income less Payments from Functions, Sale of Badges, &c., during year	12 15 4	
427			440 5 3
	Income and Expenditure Account—		
	Balance as at 31st December, 1959	1591 5 6	
	Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for year	226 6 4	
1591			1817 11 10
65	Sundry Creditors		193 13 1
82	Conference Account		120 8 1
	Chalet—Preservation Fund—		
	Balance as at 31st December, 1959	23 12 6	
	Add Sundry Income less payments during year	1112 1 6	
24			1135 14 0
£3770			£5309 3 1

1959.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
	Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost—		
575	£549 16*s.* 1*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock (Market Value 31st December, 1960, £360 2*s.* 5*d.*)		574 17 3
	Investment of Special Donation, at cost—		
105	£118 5*s.* 10*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock (Market Value, 31st December, 1960, £77 9*s.* 7*d.*)		105 0 0
	Investment at cost		
550	£576 9*s.* 3*d.* British Gas 3½% Guaranteed Stock 1969/71 (Market Value 31st December, 1960, £466 18*s.* 8*d.*)		550 0 0
	Library Pictures and Furniture (including items exhibited in The Dickens House and Library)	12 0 0	
12	*Less* Depreciation	1 4 0	10 16 0
	The Tyrrell Collection of Photographic Negatives, at cost	65 0 0	
65	*Less*: Depreciation	10 0 0	55 0 0
	Costume Department—		
	Costumes at Nominal Value	100 0 0	
	Cash in Hands of Assistant Secretary as at 31st December, 1960	81 18 7	
161			181 18 7
	The Dickens House—		
198	Current Account		390 14 0
	The Dickensian—		
229	Current Account		369 18 2
48	Stock of "Life of Dickens"		41 19 6
49	Stock of Christmas Cards		75 0 7
–	Stock of Badges in hand		6 3 9
	Balance at Bankers: Deposit Account—		
1250	General Account	1250 0 0	
–	Re Chalet Preservation Fund	1000 0 0	
		2250 0 0	
527	Current Account	697 15 3	
			2947 15 3
1	Cash in Hand		
£3770			£5309 3 1

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith.
We have also verified the Investments.

3 York Street, Manchester 2.
4th May, 1961.

MORRIS, GREGORY & CO.,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Income and Expenditure Account for the Year ended 31st December, 1960.

1959.		Expenditure.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	£			
	65	To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating) and Rates	65 0 0	
860		,, Salaries	£870 0 0	
430		*Less* Contributions by Dickens House	435 0 0	
—	430			435 0 0
	46	,, Printing and Stationery		33 18 9
	121	,, General Expenses and Postages		120 12 3
	662			654 11 0
276		*Less* Amount charged to *The Dickensian*	£275 7 6	
50		Amount charged to Costume Department ...	50 0 0	
—	326			325 7 6
	336			329 3 6
	128	,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Headquarters' Members and Branch Secretaries		135 0 0
	36	,, Meetings		13 18 9
	11	,, Contributions to Charitable Purposes Account		11 0 4
	–	,, Depreciation: Library Pictures and Furniture	1 4 0	
	12	Tyrrell Negatives...	10 0 0	
				11 4 0
		Premium on Miss D. L. Minard's Deferred Annuity	76 19 0	
		Less Contributed by Dickens House	51 6 0	
	26			25 13 0
	168	,, Balance being Excess of Income over Expenditure ...		226 6 4
	£717			£752 5 11

1959.	Income.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
	By Subscriptions—		
507	Headquarters' Members	512 8 4	
95	Branches...	109 6 1	
13	,, Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund, less tax	13 9 6	
			635 3 11
12	,, Interest on Investment, *less* Tax		12 7 2
28	,, Interest on Deposit Account (Gross)	62 9 2	
	Less Credited to Chalet Preservation Fund...	18 19 2	
			43 10 0
35	,, Profit on Sales of "Life of Dickens"		35 6 0
27	,, Profit on Sales of Christmas Cards		25 18 10
£717			£752 5 11

"THE DICKENSIAN"

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1960

1959.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
60	To Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand 31st December, 1959 ..		73 10 0
–	,, Purchases	.. ..	1 15 0
503	,, Printing	553 0 0	
22	,, Blocks	54 16 5	
46	,, Binding	57 1 0	
66	,, Postages on Magazine	69 17 5	
			734 14 10
35	,, Rent	35 0 9	
276	,, Publishing and Clerical Assistance	275 7 6	
23	,, Stationery	82 11 2	
–	,, Advertising	10 10 0	
71	,, Sundry Postages and General Expenses ..	63 2 8	
11	,, Audit Fee	10 10 0	
			477 1 4
1	,, Discounts	.. ..	– 6 4
–	,, Bad Debts	.. ..	2 17 1
£1114			£1290 4 7
£48	To Loss for year, brought down		105 19 0

1959.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
648	By Sales, including Subscriptions		713 11 10
304	,, Sales—Back Numbers		337 13 7
30	,, Advertising Receipts		42 15 0
10	,, Interest on Deposit Account		16 15 2
74	,, Stock of Bound Volumes on Hand, 31st December, 1960 ..		73 10 0
48	,, Loss for Year, carried down		105 19 0
£1114			£1290 4 7
£48	By Transfer from Reserve		105 19 0

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1960

1959.	LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	CREDITORS:		
42	The Dickens House	88 15 1	
6	Fellowship Branches	10 15 4	
64	Sundry	73 6 3	
			172 16 8
	RESERVE as at 31st December, 1959	916 3 1	
	Add Donations received during year (from Friends of *The Dickensian*)	89 14 0	
		1005 17 1	
	Less: Transfer to Profit and Loss Account—Loss 1960	105 19 0	
916			899 18 1
197	SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED IN ADVANCE	.. ..	156 5 3
	THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP—		
230	Current Account	.. ..	369 18 2
£1455			£1598 18 2

1959.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£			
	CASH AT BANK AND IN HAND		
	Deposit Account	500 0 0	
1309	Current Account and in Hand	948 6 7	
			1448 6 7
	DEBTORS—		
	Fellowship Branches	65 2 8	
	Sundry	16 18 11	
		82 1 7	
	Less Reserve for Returns	5 0 0	
72			77 1 7
	STOCK OF BOUND VOLUMES ON HAND—		
74	As certified by the Hon. Treasurer		73 10 0
£1455			£1598 18 2

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and relative Profit and Loss Account with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship relating to *The Dickensian* and we certify them to be in accordance therewith.

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Thur.	Dec. 7th.	Lecture: *Minor Characters in Dickens,* Mrs. J. Bacon. Chairman, Miss C. Stuart Bunning. Preceded by a Bring and Buy Sale.
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All meetings, unless otherwise stated, to be held at Swedenborg Hall, 20/22 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1, at 7 p.m., doors open at 6.30 p.m.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

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